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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

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JANUARY 1920

Poetry	W. H. Davies
	The Late George Gissing
The Relativity Theory of Gravitation	Bertrand Russell
The Dead Half-Hour	Michael Arlen
The Problem of German "Sanity"	Cecil Graeme
Mothers	Baroness von Hutten
Sir Rider Haggard's Romances	E. C. Rashleigh
The Truth About the Navy (Sir Percy Scott's Revelations)	
Moon Upon Her Counterpane	E. X. Kapp
The World and the Jews	Israel Zangwill
The Poetic Futility of Flanders	Thomas Moult
Unity of Command	Robert Williams
The Work of the Old Men	Austin Harrison
"Reparation"	S. O.
Books	

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Advertisement Supplement

For Day and Night

¶ There are three materials of notable interest, the names of which are familiar to us all; these are: "Viyella," "Aza," and "Clydella." They combine comfort with warmth, are practical and useful, and suitable for day and night wear in winter and summer weather. Men especially value it highly as the ideal material for shirtings. The fact that many leading sportsmen and doctors insist upon "Viyella" for their shirting proves that it is worth while to know its advantages. For winter nightgowns, shirts, and blouses, "Viyella" cannot be beaten; it is made in various weights, is soft, light, warm, and non-irritant, and that it is unshrinkable is proved by a guarantee being given to replace any garments if they should shrink in washing. The "Viyella" shirts and blouses are well cut and smartly shaped, and obtainable in great variety. Men, as well as women, highly appreciate the "Viyella" shirts, which are especially suitable for winter wear. Wearers of "Viyella" find "Aza," manufactured by the same firm, a pleasant change for the warmer days. For while "Viyella" is made in various weights, it is always a woolly texture, and "Aza" is a cloth rather different in texture—cool for summer wear, yet equally protective. "Clydella" is a new material which is fast winning the same favour as "Viyella" and "Aza"—a material of silky softness, and, like the others, one which will stand any amount of hard wear. It is quite unshrinkable, and obtainable in a variety of designs suitable for all purposes. "Clydella" is specially suitable for the home making-up of ones' own garments—shirts, blouses, and underwear—while for children's frocks there is nothing better—a material, in fact, which will give every satisfaction for day and night wear. "Clydella," "Aza," and "Viyella" garments and material by the yard can be obtained of all drapers.

The Convenience of the Sectional Bookcase.

¶ A house without books has been likened to a room without windows. But books without a bookcase soon make a house untidy, and become quickly soiled by lying about on tables or open shelves. For books unless properly preserved are harbingers of dust, and treasured volumes deserve a better fate. We are all more or less book collectors, and we should begin at once to be bookcase collectors. In this way we can build a library by degrees without spending a lot of money at once. The Oxford Sectional Bookcase, which has been exhibited at many exhibitions, is one of the best kinds procurable. Each section of it is a perfectly constructed piece of furniture. The bookcase is splendidly finished, and is made in many varieties to harmonise with different furnishing schemes for library or study. The patriotic book-lover should write for a free booklet to the sole inventors and manufacturers, Messrs. William Baker and Co., Ltd., Oxford—established over 100 years.

Nourishing Brown Bread

¶ We have watched the war bread get whiter and whiter, and, consequently, more appetising, and, maybe, have ignored the fact that brown bread has always been good, especially Bermaline best brown bread, which is one of the most delicious and nutritious of daily breads. It should be a peace-time resolution not to be lured away to the long-lost delights of white bread, but to remain

"Mr. Lloyd George and Foch"

(Reprinted from the "Manchester Guardian.")

"AFTER the lunch Dr. Magian, director of the French Hospital at Whitworth Park, of which Mr. Lloyd George is president, was presented to the Prime Minister, who signed the President's roll, which was illuminated with paintings of the Allied military chiefs.

"Ha!" said Mr. Lloyd George, pointing to the portrait of Marshal Foch at the head of the parchment. "Splendid! I would sign anything with Foch on it!"

Dr. Magian offered his fountain pen. "No, no," said Mr. Lloyd George, "I'm going to sign this with the Peace Pen," and he did so with the gold-mounted pen* that he had used to sign the Treaty of Peace.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Three types: "Self-filling" and "Safety," **15/-** and upwards; "Regular," **10/6** and upwards. See also No. 54 "Self-filling" Type at **20/-** with larger nib. Gold nibs to suit all hands. Of Stationers and Jewellers. *Illustrated list free on application.*

* This is a replica, in reduced size, of Mr. Lloyd George's Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

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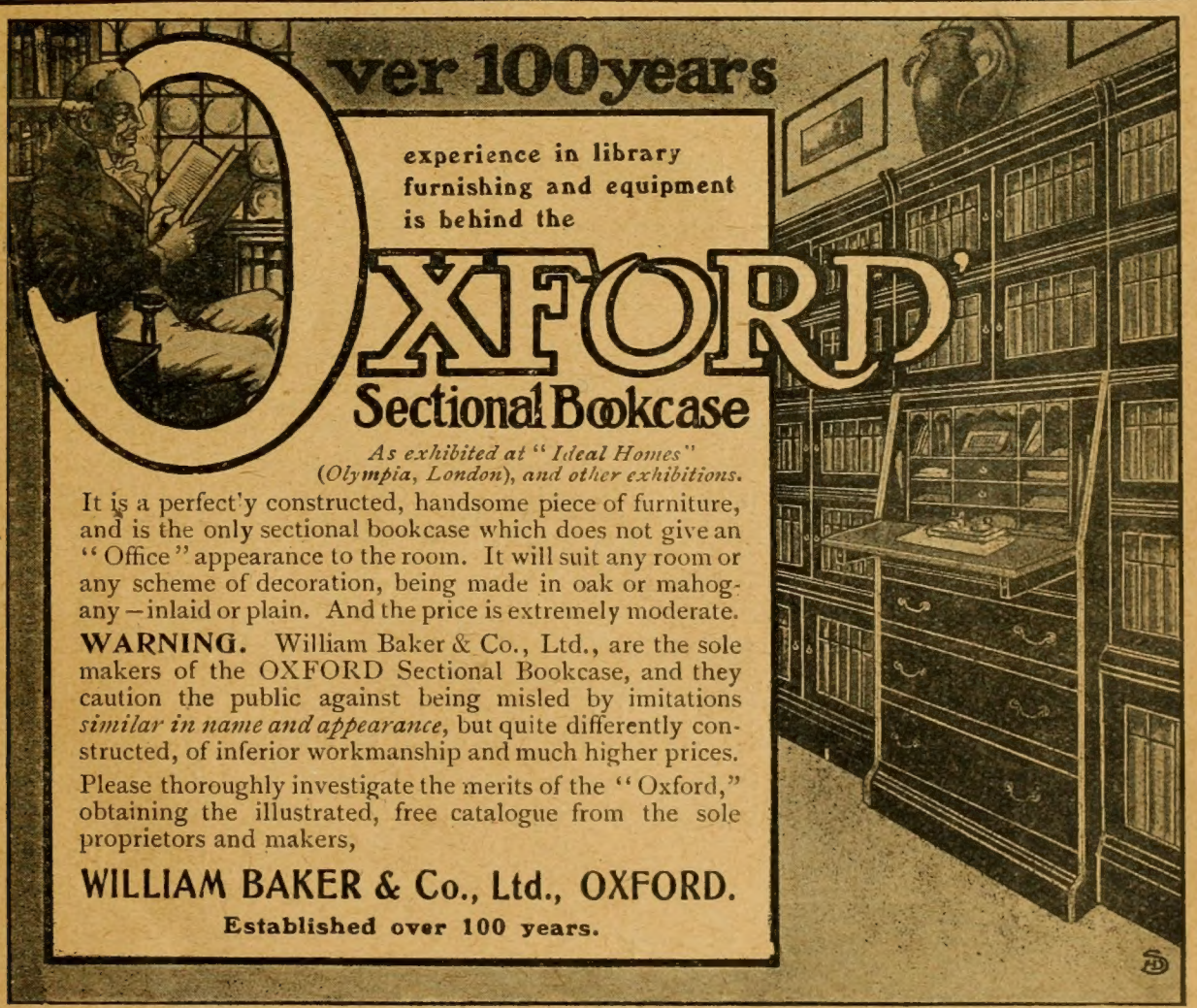
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"Tatcho" ¶ Amongst the efficient remedies for baldness "Tatcho" holds high place; it is, in fact, one of the few new words of power; generally recognised by all those men and women who are losing their hair in these days of stress and strain. The fact that a personality so gifted and astute as Mr. George R. Sims, with his unique position amongst his contemporaries, is the guarantor of "Tatcho's" genuine and remarkable powers of renewing the growth of hair, and giving nature a fresh start, is enough to commend this well-established compound to our serious attention. Thanks to a competent business organisation, the prescription has been placed at the disposal of the public upon extremely easy terms; it can be found wherever civilisation penetrates, ready to hand, and many thousand men and women bear silent but constant testimony to its beneficial efficiency.

A Good Wine ¶ It is good news in these days of restrictions to hear of a good wine. Those who like white wine will be glad to learn of Moseloro, an Estate wine which is of a choice delicacy and possesses all the fine characteristics of the old-time German Moselles, but is infinitely superior in quality. Moseloro is a pure still wine of delightful bouquet and rich flavour—it is clean-tasting and wholesome, and recommended by the medical profession for those subject to gout and rheumatics. It is a brand of Estate wine specially selected from the choicest vineyards in France. Moseloro is obtainable at all leading hotels, restaurants, and wine merchants, or direct from Moseloro, 15 Charlotte Street, W.

The Pen for a Busy Writer ¶ All writers are busy people and desire to write as much as possible in a given time. Things often have to be dashed off at a furious speed, and one needs all concentration on the subject in hand. Most writers carry their own special brand of fountain pen about with them and find it a boon and a blessing. Waterman's 'Ideal' fountain pen has proved itself a possession of exceptional value and merit, and has won the admiration of all its regular users. During the war innumerable Waterman pens were sent to the soldiers, who were just as enthusiastic about their excellence as their friends at home. Now that the soldiers have returned to desk and college, they would highly appreciate the gift of a Waterman—it is, in fact, an ideal gift for men and women home from the war. There are three types of pen, the "Self-filling" and "Safety," 15*s.* and upwards. There is the No. 74, "Regular," at 17*s.* 6*d.*, with the security cap, and the "Regular," from 10*s.* 6*d.* The Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen is obtainable from stationers and jewellers everywhere, and direct from L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway. Satisfaction is guaranteed. There are nibs to suit everyone, and they are exchangeable if not suitable.

A. E. M. B.

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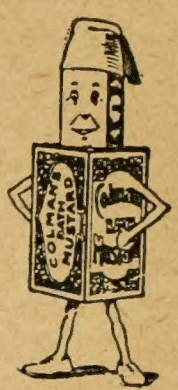

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

CONTENTS OF THE ONE HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-FOURTH NUMBER

		PAGE
1. W. H. DAVIES	The Song of Life	1
THE LATE GEORGE GISSING	The Death of the Children	10
2. BERTRAND RUSSELL	The Relativity Theory of Gravitation	11
3. MICHAEL ARLEN	The Dead Half-Hour	19
4. CECIL GRAEME	The Problem of German "Sanity"	29
5. BARONESS VON HUTTEN	Mothers	36
6. E. C. RASHLEIGH	Sir Rider Haggard's Romances	45

[*Contents continued on page* x.

TATCHO *The* **HAIR GROWER**

A few drops of Tatcho occasionally and vigorous brushing—and you will be able to say with Mr. Geo. R. Sims—

"Look at my hair now!"

The very name of Tatcho inspires confidence. As Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the author, dramatist and philanthropist, said to the editor of the *Daily Mail*, "Look at my hair now, look at the colour. Isn't that convincing evidence of the value of Tatcho. Ladies confirm my good opinion of it."

From Chemists and Stores everywhere at 1/3, 2/9 and 4/6.

Mr. G. R. SIMS.
Photo by [*Lavis, Eastbourne.*

CONTRIBUTORS—JANUARY ISSUE.

Mr. GEORGE GISSING has now, of course, a definite place in our literature. He was the first of our novelists who dealt faithfully with the depths, for which at the time he had to suffer. Very occasionally he wrote poetry, but none of it has been published. This is one of the few examples extant.

Mr. W. H. DAVIES is now recognised as perhaps our purest natural singer in poetry. He is popularly known as the tramp poet.

Mr. ROBERT WILLIAMS is the well-known leader of the Transport Union.

The HON. BERTRAND RUSSELL is one of our greatest mathematicians and writers.

Mr. E. X. KAPP seems destined to wear the mantle of Max Beerbohm as caricaturist and writer of prose fantasy.

BARONESS VON HUTTEN, popularly known as Pam, is an American by birth.

Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN is a young writer who seems certain to become well-known.

THREE NUNS Tobacco

There is a long delight in this slow-smoking mixture.

"KING'S HEAD"
—a stronger blend.

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1-oz packets 11½d Tins : 2-oz 1/11—4-oz. 3/10

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FUEL will be scarce and dear for a long time to come. Householders who wish to *make the most of the gas they burn* will do wisely to seek expert advice as to practical economies. May we help you?

Write for an illustrated pamphlet entitled "PRACTICE THRIFT" to the Secretary—

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CONTENTS (continued)

		PAGE
7.	The Truth About the Navy (Sir Percy Scott's Revelations)	55
8. E. X. KAPP	Moon Upon Her Counterpane	62
9. ISRAEL ZANGWILL	The World and the Jews	64
10. THOMAS MOULT	The Poetic Futility of Flanders	68
11. ROBERT WILLIAMS	Unity of Command	72
12. AUSTIN HARRISON	The Work of the Old Men	79
13. S. O.	"Reparation"	91
14.	Books	93

FEELING was high and strife between partisans not infrequent in Glasgow, as elsewhere, in 1650. An impression of these stirring times may be gained from this picture of Archery Boyd in the Pulpit railing at Cromwell. In these days differences of opinion are often softened or dissolved over a pipe of that world-famed Tobacco "SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE."

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MASTERS AND MISTRESSES

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of Pictures, including "The Original Jazz," "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour, 17" × 12", at 1 . each.

THIS affliction of telling the truth will be the death of me—when I grow old and ugly. But it really is a fascinating adventure.

It is rather a shame to spoil the beautiful Peace and political loud laughter, but the future is ominous.

Heaven knows I am not a pessimist, but omens are omens, and I fear the defeat of man. Not by wars, but by women.

Ominous in khaki, for years our splendid women have stalked our streets—and favourite hotels—shouldering everyone aside with militaristic intolerance. And now when the fair Bellona condescends to flimsy mufti, her full intents are revealed—to say nothing of other revelations. Daily her deeds of derring-do fill our papers—and our divorce courts.

* * * *

The aim of woman is the complete subjugation, financial and physical, of the male.

Man must not be allowed to develop beyond his elemental functions as fertiliser and provider. It is for him to be drab and sombre, and ruthlessly to economise, in order that woman may annex the limelight, the colour, and the gaiety.

And the aged, futile, and unfertile members of his sex rush sycophantically to Bellona's aid.

"Let the young man of to-day be manly! Coloured clothes and shapely cuts are not for our stern and truculent sex," cries the elderly and corpulent traitor to his sex, stroking his stimulated stomach, and smacking his lascivious lips.

* * * *

And woman subtly laughs! And so—

Let woman, lovely, altruistic, timid, shrinking woman, array herself in thousand-guinea sables!

For her let the osprey be stripped of his breast feathers!

Let the unborn lamb lose its astrachan and the bird of paradise its tail!

Let the misanthropic oyster be deprived of its one ewe-pearl!

For her let the diamond seekers sweat and toil till their tongues are parched and their eyes bloodshot!

Let the jazz band strive in frenzy!

Let the chefs concoct wonderful dishes!

Let the vines ripen!

For her and her alone!

* * * * * * * * *

"Hell," said the Duchess, "let the young man remember that it is for him to provide and to pay, not to vie."

"So let him economise and wear sensible shapeless Victorian clothes. A coat of unobtrusive drab and a serviceable umbrella are his natural portion—all else is decadent and effeminate in a male."

And one vast twitter of applause arises from myriads of female throats.

* * * * * * * * *

Man must stand for at least an equality of the sexes.

He must fight against this insidious Pussyfoot propaganda.

Hideously outnumbered as he is, man has his rights. Imagine for one moment the scornful fury of even a small part revue actress condemned to wear for her nightly jazz the ludicrous lingerie and lachrymose clothes of the darkest Victorian age!

It is only on rare occasions I scratch back at the primitive sex, but when this appears perhaps I may lunch alone for a while.

* * * * * * * * *

Co-respondently, this house continues to supply antagonistic clothes to the young and virile generation at prices not immoral. Lounge Suits from £10 10s.; Dinner Suits from £14 14s.; Dress Suits from £16 16s.; Overcoats from £10 10s.

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

JANUARY, 1920

The Song of Life

By W. H. Davies

I

A SNEEZE from Time gives Life its little breath;
Time yawns, and lo! he swallows Life in Death;
When we forget, and laugh without a care,
Time's Prompter, Death, reminds us what we are.

II

O thou vain fool, to waste thy breath and theirs,
Who pipes this day to make thy fellows dance;
To-morrow Death will make thy body show
How worms can dance without thy music once.

III

We are but fools, no matter what we do.
By hand or brain we work, and waste our breath;
Life's but a drunkard, in his own strange way,
Sobered at last by thy strong physic, Death.

IV

Life is a fisherman, and Time his stream,
But what he catches there is but a dream;
Our Youth and Beauty, Riches, Power and Fame,
Must all go back again from whence they came.

V

Death gives a Royal Prince the same dumb grin
As to the beggar's wayside brat of sin.
The cunning Spider soon himself must lie
Dead in that trap he sets to catch a Fly.

VI

Time grants to man no freehold property;
The power of man, however great it be,
Is only granted here for a short lease.
Voices the world has called divine must cease.

VII

Fools that we think of Fame, when there's a force
To make a coffin of this world of ours
And sweep it clean of every living thing——
What then becomes of man and all his powers?

VIII

Think of our giants now—they're auctioneers,
That shout and hammer for the people's cheers;
Their solemn pose is seen where Fashion rules
And crowded rooms are still their easy schools.

IX

We call these rockets steadfast stars, and give
Them honours, wealth, and swear their works will live;
We call them giants, while the greater ones
Move like dark planets round those favoured suns.

X

This world, that licks them with its pleasant slime,
Will swallow them in but a little time;
Their Fame's like Death's, when that cold villain places
Bright looks of youth on dying old men's faces.

XI

We pass away, forgotten and neglected.
When thou, poor fool, hast lately filled thy grave,
Thy friends will bring thee cut and costly flowers,
Flowers that will leave no living seed behind,
And fade and perish in a few short hours.

XII

Perchance they'll set the soil with roots of plants
To live and bloom again there, year by year,
Made wet at times by Heaven's dew or rain——
But never once a loving human tear.

XIII

Plants that will need no help from human hands
To make thy grave look lovely, warm and sweet——
When all, except the fierce wild cat, has gone,
That lies in wait to pounce upon those birds
That beat the snails to death against thy stone.

XIV

I hear men say :—" This Davies has no depth,
He writes of birds, of staring cows and sheep,
And throws no light on deep, eternal things——"
And would they have me talking in my sleep?

XV

I say : " Though many a man's ideas of them
Have made his name appear a shining star,
Yet Life and Death, Time and Eternity,
Are still left dark, to wonder what they are.

XVI

" And if I make men weigh this simple truth,
It is on my own mind the light is thrown;
I throw no light on that mysterious Four,
And, like the great ones, nothing I make known."

XVII

Yet I believe that there will come at last
A terrible knowledge to our human lives :
And blessèd then will be the fools that laugh,
Without the fear Imagination gives.

XVIII

Aye, even now, when I sit here alone,
I feel the breath of that strange terror near;
But as my mind has not sufficient strength
To give it shape or form of any kind,
I turn to things I know, and banish fear.

XIX

I turn to Man, and what do I behold?
What is the meaning of this rush and tear
To ride from home by water, land, or air?
We'll want the horses soon, when our life fails,
To drag a corpse along as slow as snails.

XX

Why should this toil from early morn till night
Employ our minds and bodies, when the Earth
Can carry us forever round the Sun
Without the help of any mortal birth?

XXI

And why should common shelter, bread and meat,
Keep all our faculties in their employ,
And leave no time for ease, while Summer's in
The greenwood, purring like a cat for joy?

XXII

For still the People are no more than slaves;
Each State a slave-ship, and no matter which
The figure-head—a President or King;
The People are no more than common grass
To make a few choice cattle fat and rich.

XXIII

They toil from morn till eve, from Youth to Age;
They go from bud to seed, but never flower.
"Ah," says the Priest, "we're born to suffer here
A hell on earth till God Almighty's Hour."

XXIV

A hell on earth? . . . We'll ask the merry Moth
That, making a partner of his shadow thrown,
Dances till out of breath; we'll ask the Lark
That meets the Rain half-way and sings it down.

XXV

In studying Life we see this human world
Is in three states—of copper, silver, and gold,
And those that think in silver take the joy;
Thinking in copper and gold, the poor and rich
Keep misery in too little and too much.

XXVI

Though with my money I could cram a mouth
Big as an Alpine gorge with richest stuff,
Yet Nature sets her bounds; and with a lake
Of wine—to-night one bottle's quite enough.

XXVII

If I can pluck the rose of sunset, or
The Moon's pale lily, and distil their flower
Into one mental drop to scent my soul——
I'll envy no man his more worldly power.

XXVIII

What matters that my bed is soft and white,
If beggars sleep more sweet in hay, or there,
Lying at noon beneath those swaying boughs
Whose cooling shadows lift the heavy air.

XXIX

Not owning house or land, but in the space
Our minds inhabit, we are rich or poor:
If I had youth, who dances in his walk,
On heels as nimble as his lighter toes.
I'd set no price on any earthly store.

XXX

And wine and women, both have had their day,
When nothing else would my crazed thoughts allow;
Until my nerves shook like those withered leaves
Held by a broken cobweb to the bough.

XXXI

I touched my mistress lightly on the chin,
Whistling away in my light-hearted fashion;
I touched her gently with my finger-tips——
That girl so merciless in her strong passion.

XXXII

She looked at me a long, long time, and said:
"Since Love, my man, has reached that flippant mood——
With no more care than that—I'd rather you
Had struck my mouth, and dashed my lips with blood."

XXXIII

And is there naught in life but lust? thought I;
Feeble my brain was then, and small, and weak;
She held it in her power, ever as a bird
With his live breakfast squirming from his beak.

XXXIV

Man finds in such a Woman's breast the tomb
Where his creative powers must soon lie dumb;
To kiss the tomb with his contented tongue,
Wherein she buries half his strength of song.

XXXV

They say that under powerful drugs the tongue
Will babble wildly of some sin or wrong
That never happened—even virgins then
Tell devilish lies about themselves and men.

XXXVI

Under that drug of lust my brain was mazed,
And oft I babbled in a foolish way;
And still she bounced the babies in her eyes,
For Love's mad challenge not to miss one day.

XXXVII

But that is passed, and I am ready now
To come again, sweet Nature, to your haunts;
Not come together like a snake and stone,
When neither body gives the other heat——
But full of love to last till Life has gone.

XXXVIII

A little while and I will come again,
From my captivity in this strange place;
That has these secret charms to lure me on,
In every alley dark and open space.

XXXIX

That makes me like the jealous lover who,
Eavesdropping at a keyhole, trembles more
Because the silence there is worse to him than sound,
And nothing's heard behind the fastened door.

XL

To you I'll come, my old and purer friend,
With greater love in these repentant hours;
To let your Brooks run singing to my lips,
And walk again your Meadows full of flowers.

XLI

I'll stroke again the foreheads of your Cows,
And clothe my fingers in your Horses' manes;
I'll hear again that music, when a pony trots
Along your hard, white country roads and lanes.

XLII

Kissed with his warm eyelashes touching mine,
I'll lie beneath the Sun, on golden sheaves;
Or see him from the shade, when in his strength
He makes frail cobwebs of the solid leaves.

XLIII

I'll see again the green leaves suddenly
Turned into flowers by resting butterflies;
While all around are small, brown, working bees,
And hairy black-and-ambers, twice their size.

XLIV

And there'll be ponds that lily-leaves still keep——
Though rough winds blow there—lying fast asleep.
And pools that measure a cloud from earth to sky,
To sink it down as deep as it is high.

XLV

And many a charming truth will I discover;
How birds, after a wetting in the rain,
Can make their notes come twice as sweet; and then
How sparrows hop with both their legs together.
While pigeons stride leg after leg, like men.

XLVI

Nature for me, in every mood she has;
And frosty mornings, clear and cold, that blind
The cattle in a mist of their own breath——
Shall never come and find my heart unkind.

XLVII

And I'll forget these deep and troubled thoughts;
How, like a saucy puppy, Life doth stand
Barking upon this world of crumbling sand;
Half in defiance there, and half in fear——
For still the waves of Time are drawing near.

XLVIII

Would birds, if they had thoughts of their short days,
Stand on the boughs and carol such sweet lays?
Is it not better then that we should join
The birds in song than sit in grief and pine?

XLIX

Come, let us laugh—though there's no wit to hear;
Come, let us sing—though there's no listener near;
Come, let us dance—though none admire our grace,
And be the happier for a private place.

L

A quiet life with Nature is my choice
And, opening there my Book of Memory,
The record of my wild young roving blood——
I'll sail the seas again, and reach strange ports,
And light a fire in many a silent wood.

LI

Under white blossoms spread all over him,
Have I not seen the Ocean laugh and roll
Have I not seen a boundless prairie lay
So full of flowers it could employ the whole
World's little ones to pick them in a day?

LII

I'll sail the great Atlantic, whose strong waves
Could lift the ship "Tritonia" up so high
That to my wondering mind it ofttimes seemed
About to take the air above, and fly!

LIII

Up North I'll go, where steel, more cold than death,
Can burn the skin off any naked hands——
Down to those woods where I'll at midnight read
By one fat glow-worm's light in Southern lands.

LIV

I'll see again, in dreams, the full-rigged Ship
Wearing the Moon as a silver ring at night
On her main finger; while the water shines,
Fretted with island-shadows in the light.

LV

With all the wealth of Heaven: those perfect stars
That draw near earth in numbers to amaze;
The bubble-light of others deep impooled,
The shadowy lustre of those lesser rays.

LVI

I'll see again, in my long winter dreams,
That ice-berg in the north, whose glorious beams
Fluttered in their cold prison, while the Sun
Went up and down with our good ship, like one.

LVII

I'll dream of Colorado's rushing stream;
And how I heard him slap his thighs of stone
So loud that Heaven had never power to make
His canyon hear more thunder than his own.

LVIII

There will I live with Nature, there I'll die;
And if there's any Power in Heaven above,
A God of vengeance, mercy, and sweet love——
If such a judge there be, I can but trust
In Him for what is only fair and just.

LIX

I'll place my hope in some few simple deeds
That sacrificed a part of my own needs
All for the love of poor Humanity——
Without a single thought, O Lord, of Thee.

The Death of the Children*

(*Burnt in a Workhouse Fire, Christmas*, 1883)

By the late George Gissing

O Children, Death in kindness bade you rise,
And quit the game, while life was yet but play;
Though sad to us the closing winter day
That quench'd the gleam of laughter in your eyes.
What though the anguish of the dread surprise
Marr'd the young faces when at rest they lay?
One moment summ'd the sorrow-laden way
We weary o'er in growing old and wise.

Mourn not the children. If we needs must mourn,
Be it for those their loss leaves desolate,
While death withholds his oft-entreated boon.
And should *they* sorrow, that, by toil unworn,
Their dear ones rest so early, and kind fate
Spares them the heat and burden of the noon?

* George Gissing sent this poem to Mrs. Frederic Harrison at the time. It has not been printed before.

The Relativity Theory of Gravitation

By Bertrand Russell

To explain Einstein's theory of gravitation in popular terms is a difficult task; perhaps, as yet, an impossible one, because the theory of relativity, upon which it is based, demands a revolution in our conceptions of space and time. In regard to time, especially, the new view is difficult for those who have never questioned common-sense assumptions. If civilisation continues, we may hope that our great-grandchildren will be brought up on the modern view from the first, in which case they will doubtless wonder what it was that we found so puzzling. But for us the assumption of the one all-embracing time is so much a matter of course that only prolonged struggles enable us to get rid of it. Nevertheless, experimental facts have forced physics to abandon this assumption, and to substitute new theoretical conceptions which seem alone adequate to the phenomena.

The phenomena concerned are chiefly optical. The problems solved by the theory of relativity are more easily appreciated if we try to imagine the appearance which the universe would present to an observer situated, not on the earth, but on some body (say a comet) which is moving with great velocity relative to the earth. There is reason to think that two events, one on the earth and one on the sun, which we should judge to be simultaneous (after allowing for the eight minutes taken by the sun's light in reaching us), might not appear simultaneous to the observer on the comet. The time-order which we assign to events in the universe, after all proper corrections have been made, is still something local, belonging to observers situated on the earth, and not transferable unchanged to observers on other bodies. This fact has resulted from the failure to detect any effects of our supposed motion through the æther. If light consists of waves in æther, it seems natural to suppose that its velocity of propagation must be a velocity in the æther.

If so, its velocity relatively to a body which is moving through the æther ought to be different from its velocity relatively to the æther, and this difference ought, under certain circumstances, to give rise to measurable effects. But in fact the Michelson-Morley experiment, and all others designed for the same purpose, failed totally to reveal any discoverable effect of the earth's motion through the æther.

Lorentz showed that the negative results of these experiments could be explained by assuming certain differences between the measures of space and time applied by two observers who were moving relatively to each other. The differences, according to his formulæ, would be very small for ordinary velocities, and would only become appreciable for velocities comparable to that of light. The faster an observer is moving relatively to events in a certain region, the faster events in that region will seem to happen. As Professor Eddington puts it: "If man wishes to achieve immortality and eternal youth, all he has to do is to cruise about space with the velocity of light. He will return to the earth after what seems to him an instant to find many centuries passed away." Unfortunately, the means of carrying out this prescription are still lacking.

The Lorentz transformation, as it is called, which gave the relations between the measures of space and time for different observers, was at first merely *ad hoc*: it was what the experiments required, but was not connected with any general principle. The general principle was supplied by Einstein.

Einstein's "principle of relativity" states that the laws of physical phenomena are the same when referred to one system of co-ordinates as when referred to another moving uniformly with respect to the first. That is to say, there will be nothing in the phenomena to enable us to say that one of these systems is at rest relatively to the æther while the other is moving through the æther, or to enable us in any other way to derive their relative motion from two absolute motions. To this principle Einstein adds a second, the "principle of constant light-velocity." This principle states that, whatever system of reference we take, light is always propagated with the same velocity as measured with respect to this system, however the source of the light may be moving relatively to the system in question. This is a very

singular fact, and is the chief reason why the æther as the medium of propagation of light-waves has become unsatisfactory.* An illustration will make clear the curious nature of the consequences of this fact. Suppose a meteor which just grazes our atmosphere, and as it does so emits a flash of light, and then goes on its way. Suppose that there are observers in the meteor as well as on the earth, and that both do their best to estimate the way the light-waves travel outward from the place where the flash occurred. From the point of view of observers on the earth, the light will travel outwards from the place in the earth's atmosphere where it occurred; this point will remain the centre of the waves that are being propagated through space. But from the point of view of observers on the meteor, the centre of the waves will seem to be the place on the meteor where the flash occurred (neglecting the acceleration of the meteor). Thus after a second the light-wave will seem to observers on the earth to be on the surface of a sphere 180,000 miles from the point in the earth's atmosphere where the flash occurred, while for observers on the meteor it will seem to be on the surface of a sphere 180,000 miles from the meteor. It is clear that, since most bodies, in a second, move very much less than 180,000 miles, the difference will not, in most actual cases, be very great. Nevertheless it exists, and it is clear that it enormously complicates the process of correlating events as seen by one observer with the "same" events as seen by another who is in rapid motion relatively to the first.

If we adhere to the old theory of the æther, such a state of affairs is very difficult to explain. We shall naturally assume, on that view, that, after a given time, the waves will have travelled a given distance *in the æther*, that is to say, that they will travel outwardly from the point *in the æther* at which the flash occurred. A body moving relatively to the æther, and passing through the point where the flash occurred at the moment of the flash, will not, one would suppose, remain at the centre of the disturbance. We find, however, that any body in uniform translation, no matter how it is moving, if it is at the point where the flash occurs when the flash occurs, will seem, to an observer attached to

* For an admirably clear account of this principle see Silberstein, *The Theory of Relativity* (Macmillan, 1914), p. 99 *ff*.

that body, to remain at the centre of the disturbance. This characteristic does not attach strictly to any other velocities except that of light. For example, you drop a stone into a stagnant pond, and ripples spread out in circles from the place where the stone hit the water. But the centre of these circles is on the surface of the water, not on the stone. If the analogy with light held, an observer falling with the stone would see the ripples as circling about the stone, and only an observer attached to the surface of the water would see them as we do. But here the velocities concerned are very small compared to that of light. As velocities increase, the phenomena become gradually more odd, until, in the case of light-velocity, they reach the acme of oddity embodied in the above principle.

In order to meet this situation, it has been found necessary to attach to each body not only its own place, but also its own time. We have hitherto thought that, though a body had its own place, it did not have its own time, but existed in the common time. This view has had to be abandoned. The time of a body is as private as its space, and the relations between the times of different bodies are part of the physical laws of the world just as much as are relations between their places. Accordingly, instead of speaking simply of the space belonging to a body, we now speak of its "space-time."

What we have been considering so far is the older part of the theory of relativity, as expounded by Einstein in 1905 and, more fully, in 1907. His theory of gravitation, published in November, 1915, is a development of the older theory, fittingly described by Professor Eddington as "one of the most beautiful examples of the power of general mathematical reasoning."* The kernel of his theory consists in attributing the phenomena of gravitation to properties of the space-time belonging to a gravitational field. It is assumed that where there is gravitation space is more or less non-Euclidean, in a greater or less degree according to the strength of the field. At a very great distance from matter, space is still Euclidean, or "homaloidal"; but the more matter there is in the neighbourhood,

* So far as we are aware, Professor Eddington's *Report on the Relativity Theory of Gravitation* (Fleetway Press, 1918) is the only account of this theory in English.

the greater will be the correction to which Euclid will have to submit. As Professor Eddington says:

"Although we deny absolute space, in the sense that we regard all space-time frameworks in which we can locate natural phenomena as on the same footing, yet we admit that space—the whole group of possible spaces—may have some absolute properties. It may, for instance, be homaloidal or non-homaloidal. Whatever the co-ordinates, space near attracting matter is non-homaloidal, space at an infinite distance from matter is homaloidal. You cannot use the same co-ordinates for describing both kinds of space any more than you can use rectangular co-ordinates on the surface of a sphere; that is, in fact, the geometrical interpretation of the difference. Homaloidal space-time may be regarded as a four-dimensional plane drawn in a continuance of five dimensions; whereas non-homaloidal space-time must be regarded as a curved surface in five dimensions."

From this assumption, Einstein has deduced mathematically a law of gravitation which agrees approximately, but not exactly, with Newton's. The deduction is so astonishing that, to those who cannot follow the argument, it must seem almost like hocus-pocus. To quote Professor Eddington once more:

"The reader may not unnaturally suspect that there is an admixture of metaphysics in a theory which thus reduces the gravitational field to a modification of the material properties of space and time. This suspicion, however, is a complete misapprehension, due to the confusion of space, as we have defined it, with some transcendental and philosophical space. There is nothing metaphysical about the statement that under certain circumstances the measured circumference of a circle is less than π times the measured diameter; it is purely a matter for experiment. . . . The trouble is that we have inherited a preconceived idea of the way in which measures, if 'true,' ought to fit. But the relativity standpoint is that we do not know, and do not care, whether the measures under discussion are 'true' or not; and we certainly ought not to be accused of metaphysical speculation, since we confine ourselves to the geometry of measures which are strictly practical, if not strictly practicable."

Professor Eddington is perfectly justified in denying that the relativity theory involves metaphysical assumptions. It is an outcome of observation, and is forced upon us by the attempt to give a scientific account of phenomena. Nevertheless, it has a profound relevance to metaphysics: the views on space and time which have been current in philosophy, of no matter what school, except perhaps that of Mach, need root-and-branch reform. And it is unlikely that the reform will be able to stop short with space and time.

The differences between Einstein's law of gravitation and Newton's are in general too slight to be capable of experimental testing. But three tests have appeared feasible, in two of which Einstein's theory has been brilliantly successful, while the third, so far, has proved adverse. The three tests are: the perihelion of Mercury, the deflection of light in passing near the sun, and the effect of gravitation upon the lines of the spectrum.

Mercury, like other planets, moves round the sun in an ellipse, so that it is nearer to the sun at some points of its orbit than at others. The point where it is nearest is called its "perihelion." It has long been known that the journey of Mercury from one perihelion to the next is slightly less than one complete revolution, that is to say, it takes slightly less than one of Mercury's years to pass from one occasion when it is nearest the sun to the next occasion. Astronomers have failed completely to account for this phenomenon on Newtonian principles, whereas Einstein's law explains it without the slightest difficulty. Theoretically, there is a similar effect in the case of other planets, but it is too small for accurate observation.

According to Einstein, a ray of light, passing near a heavy body such as the sun, ought to be slightly deflected. If we regard light as subject to gravitation there will of course, be a deflection, just as in the case of a material body. But Einstein's theory demands a deflection exactly twice as great as that which would result from regarding light as subject to Newtonian gravitation. Light passing very near the sun can only be seen during a total eclipse, and then only in the case of a fairly bright star. Accordingly, verification of this prediction had to wait until this year, when a peculiarly favourable eclipse occurred. The sensational realisation of Einstein's prophecy has caused a general

interest in his theory, which its immediate intrinsic merits would hardly have produced.

One effect of a gravitational field ought, on Einstein's theory, to be that the atoms whose vibrations produce the lines of the spectrum should vibrate more slowly than elsewhere. The result of this would be that in the spectrum of the sun, where gravitation is very intense, all the lines would be shifted towards the red end as compared with the corresponding lines in a spectrum on the earth. So far, this effect, which should be measurable, has not been discovered, and no way has been found of reconciling this failure with Einstein's theory. But it is legitimate to hope that some reconciliation will soon be effected, for it is scarcely conceivable that a theory which has had two such very noteworthy successes should not be more true than the theory which it aims at displacing. Professor Eddington, writing before the eclipse observations, summed up the matter as follows :—

"The effect is of particular importance, because it has been claimed that the existence of this displacement is disproved by observations of the solar spectrum. The difficulties of the test are so great that we may perhaps suspend judgment; but it would be idle to deny the seriousness of this apparent break-down of Einstein's theory."

Einstein's success as regards the deflection of light makes it more probable than it was that some compensating effect will be discovered to account for the absence of measurable displacement in the lines of the solar spectrum. For the present, however, Einstein's theory in its present form cannot be regarded as fully established, although it is impossible to doubt that it contains a measure of truth, and permissible to hope that it is as completely true as a scientific theory ever can be.

The scope of the new theory is far wider than what has hitherto been called gravitation. From Einstein's law we can deduce the equations of hydrodynamics, and what corresponds, in the new system, to the conservation of energy, mass, and momentum. "It is startling," as Professor Eddington says, "to find that the whole of the dynamics of material systems is contained in the law of gravitation." For centuries, gravitation has remained isolated from the rest of physics; while electro-magnetism embraced more

and more phenomena, gravitation preserved a rigid aloofness. At last it has entered the field as a conqueror. The result is an enormous unification of physics, by which our sense of intellectual mastery is immeasurably increased. If Einstein's theory is finally established, it will have to rank as the greatest event in scientific theory since Newton. In any case, whether wholly true or not, it is unexampled for deductive comprehensiveness, and is possessed by that sort of grandeur that is felt in vast results achieved with the very minimum of material.

The Dead Half-Hour

By Michael Arlen

In the dimly lit, long, large-windowed drawing-room of a house in Chester Square, one June night, were two silent people. A youngish man, with an angular, clean-cut, immobile face—its expression at this moment deadened into a taciturn boredom—was sitting negligently on the arm of a low chair by the empty fireplace smoking a cigarette. A woman was lying on the sofa by the windows. Lying on it at full, abandoned length, she presented a straight, rigid line of silver and dark red; for dark red was the colour which added just the "right" note of fantasy to an ordinary silver evening-dress from the shoulders of a Hanover Square *mannequin*. One bare arm hung down to the grey carpet, on which the fingers rested listlessly; it was the sinuous, tentative arm of a ballet-dancer, it seemed so amazingly, delicately long, and when awake might express so many strange and beautiful things! That, anyway, had been his fancy, once. . . . In those days of many ludicrous and sentimental fancies, when each limb and feature of hers had lived, in his mind, a separate and vivid life, and when the thing behind her limbs and features, her unexplored mind, had held for him tremendous, life-giving possibilities. . . . His eyes, a little furtively, turned to her now. Her head was part of the abandoned straight line of her body, for it was thrown back over a bright yellow cushion, crushing the middle so that it gaily billowed up on each side of her sombre, dark hair; and her throat, from where he sat, looked so tightly drawn and strained that he was certain it must be painful.

The silence had lasted a long time before he stirred impatiently, and then stood up with his back to the fireplace; in the position, anyway, of one who surveys his property. . . .

After all, there was nothing in being a bankrupt! Many

of his friends had survived it, a few had grown fat on it. . . . But, a little melodramatically, his eyes cheated his mind of a perhaps undeserved consolation. They rested heavily on his wife, on the white. oval face under the black hair; quite expressionless. . . . Indeed, how could one help admiring her, that exquisitely hard young face with the long, lazy eyes and that decorative figure—what a strange-looking creature she was! Perhaps it was because those long, lazy eyes were closed that her face looked so dead. . . . He knew, quite poignantly, that she did not love him; that her present arrogant stillness was a negation of his possession of her, that she was waiting for him to leave the room, so that she could "live her life"! A helpless, mortifying business. . . . She had taken everything, given nothing. He had been a brute, certainly, but so one is apt to be when one is in love. She, not his own extravagances, had ruined him. And, in return, there she lay, impudently unalive, uncaring, unkissable,—oh, so unkissable!—unfaithful! But his mind had become used to that suspicion of infidelity . . . there were worse things than infidelity in a wife; more unreasonable things, such as this terrible indifference which she had come to turn towards him, this impenetrable armour which defied his every effort to reach her heart. And how it had seemed to bubble, and live, and die—for him—once!

She had ruined him, made life beastly—made life into one large, damnable cocktail! But in a grim, reckless sort of way he still loved her; perhaps because, according to that commonplace which excuses the material successes of really wanton harlots, men love the things that ruin them. . . . Certain Sunday papers made a point of reporting the murders of wives by husbands, and such like. How well, as he looked down on this superb, maddening wife, he understood that impulse—saved from its consummation, he was absurdly sure, only by the accident of birth which had made him a baronet instead of, say, a pork-butcher. . . . And then, shaking his head as though to sweep away the rubbish, he mentally registered "melodrama" against himself, and waited.

But nothing happened.

"Good-night," he said at last, abruptly. "I think I'll go down to the library and read for a while."

She opened her eyes wide, and stared up backwards at him.

"Good-night, Charles," she murmured, quite sweetly.

As he walked with almost self-conscious, resentful firmness to the door, he allowed himself a boyish curse at this particular affectation of sweetness in her voice, which had so often made him brutal by its reminder of her former real tenderness for him, just as—oh, similes for dead-alive things abounded! What a fool he had been to be bitter, angry with her! And as he opened the door, he proved his past foolishness to himself by turning and smiling at the large eyes watching him.

"Good-night, Cecil," he said again, gently.

There was nothing crude in her awakening when she was at last left alone; no violence of freedom, no jarring contrast was struck, such as might have shocked the sensibilities of a first-night audience in the days when first-night audiences could still be displeased by bad taste. But how they mattered, all those delicate embroideries of movement and expression which go to make life livable—or actable!—for women such as she. . . . She still lay on the sofa, but her eyes remained open; large, unquestioning eyes, staring vaguely at the ceiling—and how decisively that modern affectation of vagueness can be used! But unquestioning, because in them there was not a hint of that sweetening curiosity which seems to make even the socketless eyes of a stone figure almost human; for Cecil had never been curious about anything in the world—"I am so lazy," she always said. She had once been quite content to be ignorant, and later, as she grew, to accept whatever came—and what doesn't, sometimes, "come"?—with an abandon of acceptance, but without any of those decorations of inquiry with which less philosophic and more human women trammel even their most exquisite sensations. . . .

At last she rose, lit a cigarette, and pressed the bell button.

"Davis," she said to the butler, "go down to the library and ask Sir Charles to give you that book, *Seven Men*, which came in to-day."

Davis, always distrustful of his mistress's invariable politeness, looked somehow more than usually embarrassed by her request.

"Yes, my lady," he said, but his turn to the door seemed doubtful in intention. He turned back again and said confusedly, "Sir Charles told me not to disturb him on any account—that is, unless it was something of great importance, my lady."

She was so lazy, silence was always her best weapon—and a weapon as embarrassing for a butler as to a lover. Her life was one long, penetrating silence, punctuated by a few descriptive sentences—as like as not outrageous ones, for she was a Georgian woman. Fools said that Cecil was silent because she had nothing to say, but they were fools, for she had certainly as much to say as they, but did not think it worth saying.

"All right, Davis," she said at last. "I may go down and fetch the book myself." A vague gesture of cigarette smoke dismissed him.

She waited just long enough to finish her cigarette, and then left the room. . . . In three or four minutes she was back in the open doorway, her book in her hand. She switched off all the lights but one silk-shaded vase-lamp on an occasional table near the head of the sofa. But now she did not lie on it, she sat in the corner under the light, erect, almost stiff. Some minutes passed before she opened the book on her lap. Then she read deliberately.

The single, deeply-shaded lamp circled its light only a few yards around; it seemed to throw its main force on her, its mistress—who was graceless enough, a few minutes later, to incline its shade a little way from her. The concentrated light left the rest of the room, the walls by the door, in that luxurious darkness with which only the very rich or the utterly bankrupt can afford to enshroud their exquisite furniture. . . . So that when, on a smothered noise, her eyes jerked up in surprise from her book to the now opened door to see a dark figure standing, perhaps doubtfully, there, she could only wonder—and wait for the unannounced figure to penetrate a little further through the dimness before she could distinguish him.

"Guy, it's you!" she cried with infinite relief.

"Well, who else?" he answered and smiled. He was quite close to her now, his fair, serious face towering over the widely open eyes staring happily up at him; he was so indecently tall and beautiful, she had always told him. . . .

He dropped on a knee in front of her, and took her hands. "Cecil, you darling," he said, "why did you look so startled when I came in like that? It's all right, it's only me, you know."

"Yes . . ." she murmured vaguely; then, almost fiercely, she moved her hands from his and put them tightly on his shoulders, shaking him. "I don't know why, Guy—I only know that I'm frightfully happy, frightfully. . . . It was the loveiest second in life when I realised that it really was you, and not—— I thought you were a ghost, you see," she explained, "and I'm most awfully afraid of ghosts—I'm such a coward, I'm afraid of everything that I can't frighten. . . . So afraid of you, Guy, even when you are kneeling in front of me, as though——"

"Cecil, you are going to be affected! Don't, please," he made pretence of begging her. And then, sharply, kissed her. But she would not let him go so easily, held his face to her. . . . Once they had played a game, but now all their cards were on the table; the game was finished, life had become too serious to gamble about any more; no risks, no risks, she had vowed to herself two weeks before, in this best and last of love affairs!

"You poor fool of a man!" she said, mocking him. "Did you think you could so easily run away from me? Guy, tell me, please, why you disappeared, why you haven't been near me for two long days? I hate nursing grievances, because I'm such a good nurse that they soon get fat and strong—but I couldn't help thinking the worst things about you. . . . Why, why, my dear?"

A breathless note of unusual tragedy in her voice, in the tense question, startled him. Her affectations—and he was aware, deprecatingly, of all of them, mostly inclined far otherwhere than to tragedy. He wondered if this was yet another stage of the love which she, incredibly, protested for him; if this was her way of waking him to her new humanity. . . . Suddenly he looked at his wrist-watch.

"Oh, damn!" he said fervently. "You see, Cecil," he explained quickly, seriously, "we've only got half an hour, and we've already wasted nearly ten minutes of it talking rubbish——"

"But it isn't rubbish, I'm so unhappy!" she interrupted pathetically.

"Poor dear!" But the caress was lost in his quick, decisive manner. "I'll tell you—I haven't seen you for two days because I had to clear my mind about all this, you! I simply can't go on in this hole-and-corner way any more. I can't, Cecil, and I'm not going to. And it's not fair to you, to me, or to Charles. . . . The last time I saw Charles he told me that I was never to set foot in his house again. Well, I've come to-night, at last, to tell him that I won't need to, as from to-morrow onwards you will be living with me. . . . Is that all right, my Cecil? After all, he can't object to me as a co-respondent if you don't, and I'm certainly as good as any to be found in any London grill-room. He can't do better, can he?"

"Yes, yes," she took him up impatiently. "But why did you say that about half-an-hour? Are you really going to see him to-night? My dear, please don't!" she begged. "Not to-night! Such a . . . row there'll be."

"I'm sorry, it can't be helped now. That was the point of these few minutes alone, you see," he explained. "When I came I told Davis not to announce me to Charles for half an hour. Poor Davis! he was so nervous and worried about it that it cost me quite a lot of money."

"It will be all right, Cecil dear," he soothed her. "It's got to happen sometime, so it may as well happen now. And there won't be a row. Charles must know that he has been a beast to you. . . . You just leave it to me, Cecil. I'll fix it."

She did not say anything, just looked at him very sadly. He thought he saw that usually so firm upper lip tremble, but ever so slightly.

"Yes, it may as well happen now," she murmured his words; and then a smile swept across the set face, she was awake again.

"And we've still a quarter of an hour alone," she said eagerly. "Come, Guy, sit here—quickly, quickly." She patted the sofa just beside her. He had never seen her like this, so sincerely and prettily unrestrained. For perhaps the first time he did not, somewhere in him, doubt her love for him.

"Yes, quite, quite close," she whispered. "Just to make the most of these few minutes—which will never, never come again like this. You see, Guy, they aren't part

of time, dear, dreary time, at all. We've stolen these few minutes. . . . Humour me, my dear. . . . It's quite bodiless, this ever-decreasing half-hour of ours . . ours! To do as we like with. . . . You and I, like thieves in the night, stealing thirty lovely minutes from God's wrist-watch, to play with. . . ."

"Oh, my dear! Just to play, really to play, for a few minutes!" she said wistfully. "I've never really played in my life—because, don't you see, I've never had a toy to play with which I minded breaking. And games are no good if you don't care much, are they, Guy? Are they?" she repeated.

"You go on with your speech," he said, smiling. "I adore it and I adore you, the funny, tragic you that I've never seen before . . . though, of course, by talking like that you do make the time go too quickly!"

She infinitely surprised him by taking him seriously.

"Yes!" she said eagerly. "Let's be silent . . . it's sometimes worth while being silent. Quite, quite close . . . and silent. It's so seldom practicable, isn't it?"

"Silence is beautiful because it cannot last," she said.

Somehow, as the minutes wore away, he began to find the imposed silence uncomfortable . . . unrestful. He wanted to fidget. He could not see her face, she was leaning against him and her hair was against his cheek. . . . He wanted to tell her of his plans, to arrange things; but he knew that she would not listen. . . . She was breathing very gently and evenly, and he found himself absurdly wondering if her eyes were closed . . . if she was thinking of anything, of him! . . . if she would think it "crude" of him to light a cigarette? He knew that, deep down inside him, he was very frightened of her. She was so different, so much more—well, unsimple, than all the others. So complex! He never really "knew about" her as about the other women. . . . Even her love for him was complex; not just a simple and kissable sort of love, but a thing capable both of fine phrases and real emotions, of abandoned variations. One moment she made him suspect the shallowness of her love, the next terrified him by the depth of it. . . . So very unlike the sort of woman he could conceive his brother marrying!

He was almost glad when a quick, faint knock came from the door. Her fingers closed round his impulsively as

she stiffened herself. He moved a little way from her on the sofa. The figure by the door came hurriedly towards them.

"My lady," he began from a little distance; and then, as he came near them, seemed to hesitate.

"Yes, Davis?" she asked. He wondered why so impatiently.

But Davis was too confused to be frightened. His instinct turned him to the other male, as though for help.

"You told me to announce you to Sir Charles in half-an-hour, sir." And then desperately, "If I could only speak to you alone for a moment, sir!"

"Davis, don't be so ridiculous!" she said shortly.

And then Davis rebelled, and was angry. He was being bullied . . . his face crimsoned. And the sentence came out pat, horribly definite:

"My lady, I found Sir Charles dead."

Guy, in the shock of the still moment which followed the man's words, kept his eyes rigidly on a patch of carpet. He did not even glance at her; he wondered, curiously, where she was looking—at him, at Davis, at the carpet? Damn the fool! Why didn't he go, instead of standing there with his silly, confused face. . . . And only the words, "How dead?" seemed to form on his lips.

"I—I've rung up the doctor," Davis answered irrelevantly stammering. "Seemed asleep, sir, in his chair," he said; and then, at last, left them, his short steps hurrying to a run as he neared the door.

Still Guy did not look at her. . . . She moved, was standing by the little table. He heard the soft grating of a struck match. . . . She had lit a cigarette! He was amazed—why had she lit a cigarette, now? From nervousness? He had to look at her, her behaviour in these few seconds seemed so absurdly important. He knew that he would meet her eyes on him. Yes . . . there they were, beautiful, wide-open things, watching him . . . loving him! But her self-possession worried him intensely.

"For God's sake, say something, Cecil!" he burst out at last.

But she only said "Guy!" very softly.

The softness in her voice did not soothe his particular absurdity. He had to take his eyes from hers; down, down

her figure, to the folds of silver dress. . . . She was so horribly self-possessed! Why the devil didn't she do something, anything, as other women would do, instead of standing there so cold and natural? Yes, "natural"—she, a lifelong actress, was at last being natural; had chosen this moment of all to show her unashamed reality! His thoughts circled quickly round this point . . . that unattainable, frightening, consummate woman, watching, despising, loving him, was the real Cecil! He looked up at her face again . . . this impulse for the first time sweeping from his mind the grim, still figure in the library downstairs. God, how marvellous she was, how he loved her! He smiled faintly . . . and, as though by magic, she relaxed, gave a tremulous sigh of relief.

"I've been so frightened," she said pathetically.

What a beast he had been! So she had been acting after all, she had been nervous! Thoughts followed quickly in his mind.

"Poor Cecil," he said gently.

Suddenly she came by him; her skirt was pressed against his knees; and she caught his face between her hands and made him look up at her.

"It's been awful," she whispered. "And you don't know how awful, Guy—you sitting there, so stern and all, frightening me!"

"Yes, I do know," he said. . . .

"But you don't, you dear fool," and she shook his face between her hands. He stared up at her, startled by her sudden recklessness. For now the words seem to rush out from that lazy, unaccustomed mouth, pouring down on his white face.

"Don't you see, Guy? I knew he was dead . . . all the time . . . minutes and minutes before you came. I'd gone down to the library for a book and I found him there as—as Davis said. Very still, in his chair . . . quite, quite dead. Then I just came up here again—to think, to . . . . It seemed the only thing to do, Guy, dear, and I was so frightened. I'm such a coward. . . . And then you came in. I thought it was him at first—didn't I say something about being afraid of ghosts?—not dead after all; still alive to torture me and make everything ugly. He made even me ugly, Guy; I hated myself when he was in a room with

me. . . . And when I saw that it was *you* I knew, oh, so clearly, that I was glad, that I might have done something awful to him if he hadn't wanted to die—like that! And I knew it was silly and unreal to try to be sorry—so when you said we had that half-hour I grabbed at it, didn't tell you—just to have that half-hour of utter peace!"

But he had not listened to the end. Her voice had seemed to fade and die out. . . . As she had drawn aside the curtain from his blurred image of her. Staring up at her, it was as though he had died there on the sofa, as though the mind in him had perished and his body had become water, with this last realisation of her. He knew, now! Deep down in his bones he knew that this woman was not for him; he was too *different!* And he shook himself as though to loosen finally the chains which had held him, past mind, past body, all now dead. . . . Without a gesture, and silently, he left her there and strode across the room. She took two quick steps after him, but the door closed to with a soft click. . . . She listened rigidly, her eyes staring helplessly at the gilded panels of the door. Then far below her, as in the bowels of the earth, and also in her own still heart, a door slammed massively. . . .

The Problem of German "Sanity"

By Cecil Graeme

A FEW months ago I attempted in this REVIEW an interpretation of "German insanity." I should like to call attention now to the problem of "German sanity." If on the theory of phrenology we can ascribe his insanity to the round-head, cranial measurements will hardly explain the difficulties of the German sane, rendered democratic by war, flattened out, as it were, into spheroid receptivity. We must quit the foot-rule and search again. I believe myself the sane German's difficulties to lie in *logic.*

What is the position? It is the reverse of ours in 1914. Peace caught the Teuton unprepared. It stunned him. When he awoke, he found himself in the halls of Versailles —he went down again. Noske knocked him down once more to make the punishment fit the crime. To-day—and pray do not think I am joking—*Fritz the terrorist is a medical case.*

I want to try to find a diagnosis for this softening of grey matter, for it can hardly be explained by the fact that we have only left him with soft coal. Every soldier knows that the Hun is a great fighter. Now he is down, literally "out"; he has not only lost his bearings, he has lost his identity. He has gone back to where Napoleon punched him to. "Cheer-o," I said to a German the other day, "hold your head up." He looked astonished. He almost smiled. Then he said this: "*Donnerwetter!*" (that means "O! thunder") "you English are wonderful."

Now he meant that, and he spoke truly. We are wonderful, and that is why we don't like to see men who have put up a champion battle mooning about, like sausages on wheels.

Now listen to this. To this man I said, seeking to screw out a point: "Look here. You've lost and you deserved to. You have now got to make a gesture. Get a new

idea and make good. We want to see that culture you told us so much about. We don't hit a man when he is down. My advice is, hold up your heads and find a course."

He made a speech and said: "We can't. *Unser Kaiser* betrayed us. We've nothing left. We've gone back to our historical fatality. We haven't a man. We don't understand democracy, individualism, what you call self-help. With us, it is 'either or.' It is or. At heart we are sentimentalists. In politics we are Philistines. We have no Public life or Public men. Nationally, we are a uniform. We are truly 'blonde beasts,' politically fools. We think, and because we think we capsize. Not a German knows what to do. There is no alternative, except fourteen points of death. Too many. We argue about it. We thought history was facts, we are mistaken, it is talk. Huns yesterday, to-day we are lambs. We put all on the Kaiser idea, it is gone. We have not got a Lloyd George or Mr. Wilson. Two and two make four, we think, not seven. We can't understand. How do you make demagogues? We don't know. In Italy they throw up D'Annunzio. We can only discover a policeman. You do not know the cruelty of inflicting democracy upon a people who are logical. The German is taught to believe in this or that, to obey or be licked, to *choose*. Democracy means opinion—we have none. It implies publicity—we abhor publicity. It demands poetry—we keep our Jews in order. It signifies individualism—we think in departments of the absolute. You say, Get a President—we don't grow them. How can we have a policy if we have no politics? There is no sanction in your democratic sense, for the German is bred on books. Impossible to pass from our Feudalism to constructive Republicanism overnight. We believed in Might because we distrusted Right. What is Right? Who is to decide? Even President Wilson was mistaken. Germany was a school. You have taken away our schoolmasters, there is no one to teach. We believed in one single thing, to-day we believe in nothing. What is your strength is our weakness. With Shakespeare, we said: 'Readiness is all'; you tell us it is a crime. Virtue then is to be unready, to have no policy, to be caught unprepared. We were like the East, our German things were sacred. Now our mathematics are gone. We have no sense of

humour. World-power or downfall—it is downfall. You sit on our stomachs and say: 'Why don't you laugh?' Well, there is nothing to laugh about."

"Then laugh at that," I interjected. "That is funny, you know."

The German remained silent for quite a while. At length he said slowly and thoughtfully:

"Certainly, that is a philosophy. Falstaff might have said that. A policy of humour. Not either or, but 'if not this, that.' I see. Out of nothing, something."

"Well," I returned, "that is life. Until you are dead you are alive."

Then the German astonished me. He pulled out a note-book and wrote that phrase down, repeating the words in German.

"I see," he said pensively, "the art of semblance. Civilisation is evolution."

The helplessness of this man is typical of the German attitude faced with the suspended animation of Bernhardi's alternative. Germany's problem is literally how to be sane. First, she has to obtain a thinking apparatus. Next, she has to obtain a mechanism of expression. Then she has to acquire a method of sanction. Lastly, she has to learn the catechism of the loose-end.

It is President Wilson's plight, too; it is Mr. Lloyd George's secret. He can serenade the Dartmoor shepherd one year, quote the "knock-out" in another. The American President tried the German way. He decreed. Instead of gathering in his loose-ends, he pontificated. He went to Paris like Moses—Paris became a Tower of Babel. He and the Kaiser to-day equate. Meanwhile, forcing democracy down the throat of Germany is like giving castor-oil to an octopus—you can't find the hole for the tentacles (I once kept an octopus).

The Hun is thus our responsibility. Formerly the "corrector of statistics," he is now Europe's test of correction. As Democracy's latest child, we must remember that. *In statu pupillari*, the German is a tough problem. Not because he cannot think, but because he thinks so logically. Not because he is incorrigible, but because he does not know what to do? He does not understand that disobedience is the first law of liberty.

In similar parlance, the Russian would go "Bolshy"; the Frenchman (he did after 1870) would fertilise "revenge"; the Irishman would learn a foreign language and call it Sinn Fein; we should say we had won the war and study boxing. But the German, with his laboratory mind, can't get an attitude. He only had one—the Army. Now he tries desperately to persuade himself that Blücher ought to have been a C.O. As an old woman in Trèves said when she heard the French were after those 140,000 milch-cows, "I suppose it is cheaper to starve than to shoot us."

So the German thinks. Prohibit drill in Ireland, and even Kathleen forms squares. Prohibit drill in Germany, they think the end of the world has come. Say, "Eyes right," and all understand. Cry, "Easy all," and you have a people in confusion. He's like Chin-Chin apeing Mr. Pickwick.

Now if we want democracy to succeed in Europe—let me be frank for once and put it truthfully—if we want Germany to get rid of her efficient militarism, then assuredly the problem of the German trying to understand how it is that the *Daily Mail* runs England is our specific interest, for alone the German with his mathematics and his logic will flounder back into the philosophy of force and the dread system of war will begin afresh, to end in some 27,000,000 dead, under what League of Nations Heaven only knows. We cannot leave this "new boy" to find his way out of the wood. He really must be helped, or in the next war he will be Mr. Wilson and we shall be Kaiser "Bill." I cannot stomach that prospect.

My proposal is that a select body of men be sent to Germany to teach the Germans democracy. There is not even hate left to-day, not against us anyway. You can travel about without inconvenience,, and what the Englishman notices is an extraordinary lack of self-confidence. I would select six sailors, four journalists, two Labour men, two country gentlemen, a policeman, a Hyde Park orator, two miners (one Welsh, one Yorkshire), a professional boxer, cricketer, and footballer; a sporting parson and two representatives each from Oxford and Cambridge; then six Scots, certainly a gillie for one; four Irishmen; six colonials and six women. In three weeks they could frame a report

which would be submitted to the Germans. I am sure much good and enormous fun would come of it. One and all would discover that the German is a sick man. They would be astonished at the variety of Germans, at their simplicity, natural servility, and sociability. And they would find a nation positively believing in nothing.

That, of course, is a very bad condition, for sooner or later some kind of a creed will return, and if it looks Kaiserwards the war will have been fought in vain. I don't think it will, because the Kaiser ran away and the soldiers despise him for it. But the German may incline towards Republican militarism. And obviously he will unless we give him a chance at least to try Campbell-Bannermanism, which I presume is what we would like him to adopt. He must have a line, that is the point. He must be able to say: "Good. Let us try this policy, seeing that it is endorsed by our victors."

To-day he says: "Militarism is bad, *therefore*" (note the logic) "our policy must be abnegation." No Army—no authority. No Potsdam—no history. At this point the philosophic Chinaman would smoke a pipe of opium and then he would dream. But the German says: "Let it rip." And rip it would but for the now capitalist socialists in power, who, supported by Erzberger and the Catholics, to-day rule Germany, plus the Jews, with a rod of iron. But they have no policy. Not only that, they have no democratic foundations. Haase, the one man who might have stirred Germany into democratic ways, was murdered. Noske controls by sheer force. They cannot make a start. The average German sees no hope. There is no one to obey, hence there is no inspiration. One German said to me: "Between Lenin and Mr. Wilson, whatever we do is wrong. We are capitalists minus capital."

Our soldiers at Cologne are astonished at the cordial attitude of the Germans, at the way in which they will discuss the war, at the spirit of acceptance. The reason is that the German moves on extremes. Out, he accepts. He abdicates. He awaits further orders. Here we have the peril. What orders? Whose orders? Such is the problem. Faith in the monarchy, in socialism, in militarism, in any leadership, has gone, and to-day the German has no God. He is really a medical case. He is

Europe's cataleptic. If we are not careful he will be Europe's plague-spot.

It is a queer spectacle watching a Tommy trying to "buck up" his enemy of yesterday, genuinely seeking to give him back his self-respect, and you can see this study in morals at Cologne. The German lacks the sporting instinct. He is a *believer*. He takes concrete views. He is astonishingly sensible, and this with all his metaphysics, perhaps because of them. What I mean is that "Tommy" never expects much; the German sees no good in anything unless he can expect results. We say: "Well! here goes." The German says: "What is the objective?" He wants to know that first. We would rather "have a smack for it, anyway." We thus are optimists, the Germans are pessimists. The German is at once the hardest master and the best servant in Europe. Together they make a pretty efficient whole. And that is the secret of their Army—discipline. Now they have no masters and so all are servants, very much as they were after Napoleon had put his foot on Prussia at Jena. They used to call themselves a "people in being," to-day they are a people "in the air." And they cannot laugh. They can only be laughed at. I don't mean derisively. I mean humanly. To listen to a German trying to explain his appreciation of Mr. Wilson's "colossal" diplomacy is "killing." He will refer to the President's habit of wearing one trouser turned up and the other down, as a "magistral political comprehension." He will dilate upon our colonial attachment as the "subconscious egocentricity of imperial genius," and then, turning to Ireland, he will exclaim: "But why then this paradox? What is the motive there?"

One of the great difficulties is geography. Our geography is our politics, he will tell you. "You who don't study geography rule the world." And he is baffled. Certainly, geography never figures at a General Election here. I confess this beats me. I tell him geographical attachment is spirit—civilisation. He answers that on that theory half Europe should be German, including Holland. I answer it depends upon the spirit. He says that blood is thicker than water. I retort, Pan-Germanism was a doctrine, and men don't like impositions. He asks me what the Boer war was about. I say, gold. He says: "So was our war—yet we

were wrong. We ought to have said it was about theosophy." I smile. He smiles, for the first time. I play my trump card. "You know what Goethe wrote about words; words can do anything," I remark. He is silent. "I never thought of that," he remarks. "Our diagnosis of mankind was wrong."

Now his diagnosis of himself is wrong. I tell him a great secret. "Democracy is words, digest that," but I can see he hardly understands. He does not grasp the art of life. He does not know that words are more powerful than empires.

Europe's difficulty will be the problem of German sanity. If he cannot become democratically sane, he will go militarily insane again, and this will depend absolutely upon us; what opportunities we give him to settle down and reorganise; secondly, upon which is his new book, Goethe or Faust. If he conjures up Goethe, he will in time attain to a State expression and harmony, but if he evokes the goblins of the witches' cauldron, why, assuredly, he will re-nationalise on force. Goethe was perfectly happy bowing to Buonaparte, for he believed in words, and time justified him. That is the problem. The map of Europe is periodically recast on words. If the German learns to talk, the map will some day again be re-painted; similarly if we "unlearn to talk," just as Talleyrand won the war for France after Waterloo.

Certainly the League of Nations will depend upon talk, not upon bayonets. The whole thing will either be talked in or talked out. Speech, after all, is the one thing we possess over the animals. We must teach him the vanity of speech. When the German learns to "submit" and to "suggest" instead of "pronounce" and "determine," he will come along. Will he? Can he? Hardly, unless we help him up. And so there he lies to-day, not neurasthenic, but just ludicrously logical, hopeless and helpless, awaiting further orders.

Mothers

By the Baroness von Hutten

In a train standing outside a village in Essex, about two years ago, three women sat nervously waiting. They were waiting for the possible drop of a German bomb. The lights were out; in the pallid glow of a nearly cloud-quenched moon their strained, middle-aged faces, basically dissimilar, bore an odd resemblance to each other. They were all what is known as ladies; they all wore deep mourning, and they were strangers. The silence was oppressive; the autumn air was chill; the mental atmosphere of the cramped place was vibrant with unuttered, but unconquerable nervousness. Presently the sinister buzzing of aircraft was heard. It grew louder and approached so near as to be unbearable, and one of the women screamed. "Hush," snapped another. The third sat quite still, a faint smile on her handsome, haggard face. Then a bomb dropped, shattering the night, and the woman who had said "Hush" began to cry in an odd, high, whimpering voice, rather like that of a shot hare.

"Oh God, oh God," she repeated. "The devils—they will hit us next time——"

And now the woman who had screamed snapped in her turn.

"What if they do? Would saying things do any good?"

The scattered quiet of the night seemed to draw together again as the buzzing monster in the air flew away, and a smell of lavender suddenly filled the compartment. The voice of the third woman, a soft, gentle voice, was heard saying:

"It's over now; they may not come back——" She handed the other two women a silver flask of lavender water, and they thanked her and settled back into their corners, but the ice was broken.

Presently the two first speakers began to talk, exchang-

ing valueless surmises about the raiders and the possible hour of the train's arrival in town.

"My daughter will be frightened to death," one said, a large woman with a fresh, babylike face in which immaturity had survived youth. "She was to have met me at the station."

"You're lucky to have a daughter," answered the one who had screamed like a hare. "When I lost my boy I lost all I had."

She was small, dark, and lined; a Jewess, with large hollow eyes full of intelligent pain. The third woman did not speak. She listened—and she had listened all her life and knew how. She heard the sudden making of the nervous intimacy that would be broken off at the London terminus; she heard the confidences made, not out of sudden friendship, but because each of her companions felt the need of talking, the boiling up of irrepressible words.

"He was only twenty-three," the little Jewess was saying, "and he was Leschetiszky's favourite pupil. It is not I who say it, but all those who knew said that he was a genius, a great genius. And he's dead—gone out—nowhere."

After a long pause the listener's drowsy ears woke to the other voice: "Never in his life, not a single thing. It was always 'Mum'—'Mum will love this'—'Mum will enjoy that.'" It was plain to the silent woman that "Mum" must have been a delightful mother to an English youth. She was fresh, pretty, and none too clever; a woman to house and feed her boy to his heart's content; her cook would be an excellent one; her wine of the best.

"—Such a sweet girl, and devoted to him," "Mum" was saying.

"Jim's *fiancée* was married on Tuesday," the little Jewess interrupted grimly. "Modern faithfulness."

Suddenly "Mum" rose and, lifting down her dressing-case, opened it. "I'll show you his picture," she said, paying no attention to the other one's words, "and you'll just see." The fittings of the dressing-case glittered in the moonlight as she raised the lid, and the silent watcher caught sight of a coronet on the gold boxes. The photograph was in a silver frame with a regimental crest at the top. Jim's mother looked at it.

"Yes, a handsome boy, a handsome boy," she said kindly. "Sandhurst?"

"No, Eton. His father's people were all Eton. Now let me see your boy."

The little Jewess hesitated. The silent woman watched her curiously, for in her face was fierceness and unmitigated, resentful misery. It was plain that she did not wish to show her son's picture. But conditions were too strong for her, and she pulled a thick, old-fashioned locket out from her flat bosom. The other woman took it and held it in the moonlight, which was now strong.

"Oh, yes," she faltered, "how clever he looks!"

A sharp laugh answered her. "You don't admire him. No, of course you don't. All eyes and beak. Not handsome like your—your——"

"Gerald."

"Yes, your Gerald. No. But that big nose, those strange eyes, mean things. He——" She broke off sharply and turned to the window.

"May I see the picture?" The third woman had been so quiet, so unobtrusive that the others had almost forgotten her, and both started as her quiet voice fell softly on their ears. The Jewess gazed at her with painful intensity for a second and then handed her the locket. There was a long pause, and during it a sharp clatter of fire broke the drowsy silence of the night.

"They're back!"

"The whirring of the aeroplanes grew suddenly so loud that it seemed to darken the moon, and streaks of scarlet dripped across the sky. A bomb dropped very near and a cry arose from many throats. Mental disarray upset the orderly quiet of the compartment. Gerald's mother—Mum—crouched on the floor and cried, her face screwed up with fear indecently exposed. The other two women, standing opposite to each other with the locket between them, did not move for a moment. But when the noise had died away, the Jewess's words showed that she too in her own way had lost her hold on herself.

"He's dead," she said, slowly, "and thousands of wastrels and vice-eaten cowards are living, enjoying life." And then she added curtly, with an odd toss of her bird-like little head, "But it isn't for long."

Voices sounded outside; a guard ran past the window with a lighted lantern; the train stirred a little and, after a moment, started slowly Londonwards.

Mum rose and re-opened her dressing-case.

"I—I feel a perfect fool," she murmured apologetically, "but it wasn't really fright—not exactly." She measured a dose of sal volatile oil for herself in a silver-mounted glass. "Nerves, the doctor says—Sir William Harper—we are all frightfully highly strung in my family." She drank the dose, the sharp smell of which filled the air for a second.

"I'm really not a coward," she went on, with a little laugh. "Gerald was at home the night of the first air raid, and he said he—was proud of my courage." She sat down and began to cry quietly but resolutely, as rain falls when it means to go on for a long time. Neither of the others answered or even looked at her. They were standing, though each had instinctively balanced herself with one hand as the jarring movement of the train began. The old-fashioned gold locket still swayed between them, hanging by its chain on the Jewess's finger, and four dark, tragic, heart-broken eyes were fixed on, almost in, so intense were their gaze, each other. At last, as Mum, rather hurt, blew her nose on a fresh, coroneted handkerchief, the silent woman spoke.

"So that's what you are going to do," she said in her quiet voice.

The Jewess drew back sharply, her dark face a cloudy red.

"My life is my own," she answered. The other shrugged her shoulders, took the locket, and sat down.

"Shall I make some tea?" It was Mum who spoke. I have everything here; the kettle is lighted by electricity. *He* gave it to me." This time she noticed that she was being singularly disregarded, and, tossing her head with an absurd pout, plainly a relic of her youth, turned to the window.

In the silence the Jewess studied the face of the woman who was looking at her son's picture. A worn face, shabby eyelids in huge sunken orbits, and a long, compressed mouth with deep lines round it. A fine face it was—ugly and strong. The Jewess's quick imagination at once found

the comparison. "She's like a wall covered with stone-crop."

"He's splendid." The locket was put back into her hand without further words, but the curt eulogy was enough.

"He was. He would have played Beethoven as no one plays him."

"That doesn't count. It was the thing that was in him —the thing that made him play like that, that counted. The music itself was only a side issue."

"How wonderful!" murmured poor, neglected Mum, with the politeness of someone at a play.

The Jewess leant forward. "You understand," she said to the silent woman, "so I'll tell you. We shall soon get to Liverpool Street, and—you'll never know who—I—was——"

"No."

"His father was a wild beast. He beat me, he robbed me, he lied to me. He was evil, and I loved him. The worse he was to me the more I loved him. I hated it, but I could not help it. It was like a mythological dragon that grew new heads when its head was cut off." She paused, and the other woman said gravely:

"I know."

"Then Jim came. I stuck it out for nearly nine years after this, and then, when I saw that the boy was big enough to understand, I ran away. I had very little money, but I knew three languages well, and I gave lessons—for eleven years. And he was happy—he was happy, and *I* made him. Five years ago an old aunt of mine died and left me some money—he had always played the piano, and had had good lessons in London—and we went to Vienna. We were there two years. It was perfect. He was as good as an angel, but he was no prig, and to hear him laugh was like seeing a fountain in the sunlight. It was not only music that he loved either——"

"I know. He loved everything beautiful," said the other woman gently, "and that's why he was good."

The Jewess looked up at her.

"How you understand!" she murmured. "Have you a son too?"

There was a pause and then the silent woman said, "My only son was killed in July."

"Oh. Have you his picture here?" It was plainly a concession to politeness.

The other woman smiled kindly at it. "Yes, I have a picture. I will show it to you—later," she returned.

"—Well, that's my story. For fifteen years I was the happiest woman alive. When my boy grew up he was a real man, so I don't suppose I knew all his thoughts, or all he did. But he loved me and trusted me, and no mother and son in the world were ever better friends."

"So were Gerald and I. Even when he fell in love I never lost my place. The girl was pretty and—nice enough, and she seemed to adore him——" There was a long pause and Gerald's mother would have spoken, but the tall woman bade her with a gesture be silent, and presently the Jewess went on:

"Then the war, and we came home. I did all I could to keep him out of it, but—he went. He, who could not bear to see a horse down, or to hear a child cry, had to go out into that hell. He came back last Christmas, and he was—different. He could not touch the piano. Ursula—that's his *fiancée*—stayed with us, but they weren't happy. I think he bored her. He didn't bore me. He used to sit and think, and think. Then he went back, and four weeks after that he was blown to bits. They didn't bury him—there was nothing left to bury."

Gerald's mother was crying again. She had taken fright. There was something in the little Jewess's manner that terrified her. After a long pause the tall woman rose and sat down by the Jewess.

"And you are—arranging to join him?"

"Yes. I have no one dependent on me, even for love, and my going will hurt no one." Then she added slowly, with the simple directness that comes of very deep feeling, "Do you think me very wicked?"

"No."

Jim's mother sighed, her thin little face touched by a softer light. "I *thought* you'd understand! It isn't as if anyone wanted me——"

"But," the tall woman went on, as if she had not spoken, "I think you're a fool."

Encouraged by the sudden putting in the wrong of the tall woman, Gerald's mother came into the ring.

"*I* don't think you are a fool," she declared. "*I* quite understand——"

"I think," the tall woman went on to the Jewess slowly, not noticing the interruption, "you are the luckiest woman I have ever known."

A smile of intense bitterness stirred the Jewess's worn lips. "You're mad. I, lucky, who have lost such a son!"

"Yes, you lost him—but you've had him."

"Oh, yes," put in Mum, with the fatal confidence of her kind. "I see what you mean. I've felt that about Gerald. My heart is broken, of course, and I shall never get over it, but he was mine."

The tall woman looked at her in a not unkindly way, as one looks at a strange insect that buzzes round one.

"Bethnal Green," she said, glancing out as the train passed a station. "We shall soon be in. Listen"—(this to the Jewess)—"and I'll tell you my story. Or, no, I'll show you my boy's picture. It's an excellent one, enlarged from a snapshot taken by a friend on his last leave."

She opened her shabby black bag and took out a soft leather case. "It's exactly like Gordon," she went on. ("I named him after Chinese Gordon, whom I admired.) When I look at it I can actually see him—I can almost hear his voice. Sometimes I think there never was such a likeness of anyone in the world."

Mum leaned forward eagerly, but the speaker gravely waved her away. "No, I am showing it only to Jim's mother." Closing the leather case she handed it to Jim's mother. "Wait a minute," she said. "Let me tell you something before you look at it. What you are going to see is my constant memory of my son—my only son; I never had a daughter; I never wanted one. I am a believer in the greater nobility of men. Well, there you are. As long as I live—and I shall live to be a very old woman—that face will be before me."

Jim's mother's dark eyes were filled with tears of sympathy as she opened the case, but as she looked up after one glance at the photograph her eyes were dry and strained; they seemed to stagger with horror.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh!"

The tall woman nodded quietly. "Yes, that's what he was—my only son."

There was a silence as the train rushed along past the wretched streets—streets unfit for human creatures to live in—and then the speaker went on, in a voice whose evenness was more painful to hear than any emotional trembling would have been.

"As a very little boy he was a liar and a sneak. At thirteen he was expelled from school—I will spare you the reason why. At eighteen he stole my diamond earrings and sold them, and let me accuse a servant of the theft. At twenty he seduced the daughter of the farmer where we had lodged every summer for years, and at twenty-two he was a drunkard. I never saw him what is called 'dead drunk,' but, on the other hand, I very rarely saw him perfectly sober."

Gerald's mother's soft, pretty face was white with horror, and her lips shook.

"Oh, you poor thing!" she cried with the kind tactlessness that does not hurt.

"Yes, I am a poor thing. He was twenty-six when he was killed. The colonel did not write to me. He was not, as all the other ones are, 'a great favourite with his brother officers' or 'a fine soldier'——"

The little Jewess did not speak, for her intelligent mind knew that there was nothing to be said; but the other mother —Mum—in her kindness and ignorance took the tall woman's inert hand in hers.

"You mustn't think about the bad things in him," she murmured. "Think only of the good."

"There wasn't any good, except—he liked flowers. He could have made roses grow in an ash-pit—that," with a harsh laugh, "is not much to cling to, is it?"

The Jewess then spoke. "But he died fighting."

The tall woman laughed again. "He stayed out of the war as long as he could. He said he was a conscientious objector. *That* was positively funny!"

The train was nearing Liverpool Street now, and she rose as she spoke, taking back the photograph.

"Now you see," she said, "why I think you are a fool to kill yourself. You are a happy woman. Your mind is like a garden with its thoughts of your boy."

"There was a man in Gerald's regiment," Mum began hurriedly, "—he told me about him—who was killed. Gerald said he died like a hero and they—the men

of the regiment—had always called him the Rotter—just that—the Rotter."

The Jewess shivered with fastidious horror, but the tall woman smiled quietly. "Thank you," she said, "you are a kind woman. Perhaps *my* rotter died like a hero." After a second she added drily, "But I doubt it."

The train was sliding slowly into the station now. Gerald's mother looked out eagerly.

"I do hope they will be here to meet me."

The Jewess held out her hand to the tall woman. "You are very brave," she said, "and I thank you. I do not think I can bear to live without my Jim, but if I can I will."

"You can," said the other. "You ought to. The thing in you that helped to make your boy what he was is too good to be wasted."

"The thing in me?"

"Good-bye, good-bye," Mum interrupted. "I can see my footman. Here, William, here I am!"

The other two women got out together.

"Don't you see what I mean?" the tall woman went on as they made their way slowly through the crowd.

"You want me to 'work for others.' I can't."

"No, I don't mean that. I don't much believe in conscious working for others. I mean—the man wants your ticket—I mean—well, my boy's father was one of the best men who ever lived. (He died when Gordon was a year old.) All our people have been educated, decent-living people, and I have been a perfectly 'good' woman. There is no credit in it, forI loved him and could not have borne to do anything else, but I did give my whole time—what one calls my whole life—to my boy as much as you did to yours. Yet look at the results. You succeeded; I failed. Your boy would have refused to know mine—and rightly."

They reached the street and the Jewess called a taxi.

"I am going by 'Underground,'" Gordon's mother said, shaking her head at a suggestion in the other woman's eloquent Eastern eyes, "Good-bye."

They shook hands in the lamplight and the soft, grey rain, gazing earnestly into each other's faces. Then they said in unison the same sentence of six words, and, startled and embarrassed by the circumstance, parted hastily.

The sentence they had said in that odd way was: "I wish I could help you."

Sir Rider Haggard's Romances

By Edward C. Rashleigh

In presenting us with *When the World Shook*, which as an effort of imaginative daring is alone surpassed by that incomparable romance with which his name will always be associated—I refer, of course, to *She*—Sir Rider Haggard again emphasises a fact we have long suspected—that in spite of his wide popularity, perhaps because of it, he has not yet been completely understood or appreciated by his public. The obvious view of him as a writer of romance, a compiler of intensely exciting stories of adventure, has been so long familiar to his readers that his attractions as a philosopher have been somewhat overlooked. It will be our endeavour on the present occasion, after glancing at his work from the conventional point of view, to attempt some rediscovery of him in his less obtrusive aspect.

The romance of imaginative adventure is especially welcome to the Anglo-Saxon temperament, because it appeals to certain innate racial instincts which can neither be eradicated nor stifled. I confess I have little patience with those who affect a superior disdain for this kind of fiction; who complain of a "deadly silence," of "seeing everywhere the hand that pulls the wires," of "purely artificial excitement" leaving them "cold and a trifle fatigued." I have in mind a certain critic who lamented the production of these and other romances because, as he put it, they tended "to the awakening in the young of the feudal ideal, which it has cost the world such a deluge of blood and tears partly to get rid of." The same sad scribe went on to allude to "the pernicious influence of Sir Walter Scott"! Such opinions are not likely, even in these latter days of disenchantment, to gain wide acceptance. For though to-day no golden Spanish Main, that Aladdin's hinterland, calls us to explore its wonders, no undiscovered country, not even to north and south those "thrilling regions

of thick-ribbed ice," any longer awaits the lifting of the veil, the spirit of adventure, if limited in its aspirations and shorn of its fulfilment by the increasing ugliness of modern life, still smoulders within us and still responds to those magicians who have the cunning and the art to kindle it into flame.

And among their company Sir Rider Haggard has long wielded a wand second to none in power and enchantment. Being gifted, indeed, with an imagination which, as the late Sir Walter Besant once observed, is "stronger, more vivid, more audacious than any other writer of his time," he creates where his followers merely manipulate. And it is precisely for that reason that he still remains unrivalled in the department of fiction which he has made peculiarly his own.

Few writers have been more recklessly accused of plagiarism, and none have suffered more in this respect than the subject of this paper. Sir Rider Haggard, indeed, has to a certain extent plagiarised himself. Such similarities as we have discovered, however, rather court our gratitude than provoke our regret. We are not bored, for instance, with the trial by fire in *The Wizard* because we have already made acquaintance with that lord of the lightnings, Indaba-Zimbi, in *Allan's Wife*; the ghosts which gather to welcome the dying Eric on Mosfell do not inspire us with any less lively apprehension because we have before been introduced to a company of equally portentous "Sahus" at the passing of Cleopatra; nor, again, would we willingly have missed the fray on the knees of the Old Stone Witch who sat aloft "waiting for the world to die" because it recalls a like Homeric conflict in the closing chronicles of *Allan Quatermain*. That originality, moreover, is strictly limited, was possibly no new discovery even in the days of Solomon. It has been increasingly evident, as far as romance is concerned, since the time of Apuleius.

For sheer audacity, his latest effort is second to none of its author's performances. The ruins of Kôr had the respectable antiquity of a hundred centuries or so, but the marvellous city of Nyo, situated in a region of mysterious light thousands of feet beneath the earth's surface, surpasses even Kôr's length of days by the trifle of 240,000 years! It is not, as might have been expected, in the region of the

Azores, the peaks, if we may credit the ingenious speculations of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of the lost Atlantis, that Sir Rider Haggard has laid the scene of his latest fantasy. But it is on the mysterious island of Orofena in the Southern Pacific—a remnant of the still more ancient continent of Lemuria—that the three modern Englishmen, Arbuthnot, the wealthy mystic, Bastin, the dull, unimaginative, high-church parson, and Bickley, the medical sceptic, are wrecked, thanks to a particularly vigorous cyclone, and resurrect from their quarter of a million years' sleep the old Super-man, Oro, and his fascinating daughter, the Lady Yva. Of the effect of their appearance on the different mentalities of Bastin, Bickley and Arbuthnot, of the extraordinary experiences of these three in the subterranean region of Nyo, of the love of Arbuthnot for the Lady Yva in whom he finally discovers the personality of his dead wife re-incarnated, and of how the final tragedy of the world's destruction was averted by the latter's self-sacrifice—of all this let the reader learn from the book itself. The description, in the closing chapters, of the World's Balance—a gigantic mountain of metal 2,000 feet and more in height, spinning eternally like a huge humming-top, or gyroscope, in the interior of the earth, and travelling as it spins, and of Oro's attempt to divert its course, is as daring and arresting a flight of the imagination as anything Sir Rider Haggard has achieved. "Who shall say," as Mr. Holly has observed, "what proportion of fact, past, present, or to come, may lie in the imagination? What is imagination? Perhaps it is a shadow of the intangible truth, perhaps it is the soul's thought!" We may indeed pause to ask ourselves whether the idea of an age of culture far ahead of our own in the far-off dawn of the world is so wild a speculation after all. On the authority of Professor Keith, the period since the human stem became differentiated from that which led on to the great anthropoid apes is about two million years; and, on the same authority, man had reached the human standard in size of brain by the commencement of the Pliocene epoch, or about a million years ago. Is it, then, so certain—bearing in mind what vast geological changes have occurred—that it is only for the fraction of the last seven thousand years or so that

man has been civilised, and that during the whole of the enormous preceding period he has existed continuously in some condition akin to the neanderthal?

In glancing back over the long list of Sir Rider Haggard's achievements, it is no easy matter to decide with whom out of all the excellent fellowship of his adventurers we shall more particularly concern ourselves. The African exploits of Mr. Allan Quatermain have alone furnished material for no less than nine romances, while two further chronicles have recently commenced as serials in the magazines. One of these—*The Ancient Allan*—deals with his pre-existence in Egypt at the time of the Persian Conquest; and the other, wherein we welcome the reappearance of one Umslopogaas, bears the arresting title of '*She*' *Meets Allan*, which in itself is sufficient to conjure up all kinds of speculations anent a further visit to the delectable region of Kôr.

But, Allan apart, our choice is a sufficiently wide one. We can gaze upon the glories of Montezuma's Tenochtitlan with Thomas Wingfield or the lost wonders of desolate Zimbabwe with Prince Aziel; dare Goldfoss with Eric Brighteyes or make that desperate and amazing journey into the Mist country with Juanna Rodd and Leonard Outram. Jerusalem besieged by Titus. Byzantium under the Empress Irene and Constantine the Sixth; Venice in the time of the Great Plague; Seville and Granada in the spacious days of Ferdinand and Isabella; the Netherlands groaning under the bloody sword of Alva; the mountainous kingdom of Al-je-bal, the sinister Lord of the Assassins; the unexplored wilds of Yucatan, of Abyssinia, or of No Man's Land at the back of Thibet beneath the shadow of the mystic Fire-Mountain of Kaloon—all these invite a visit; while if we would explore the magic and mysteries of Ancient Egypt we can do so when Rameses ruled at Thebes or Cleopatra at Alexandria. Better still, to revert to Zululand, we can go a-hunting by night on Ghost Mountain with the Wolf-Brethren Umslopogaas and Galazi; or, best of all, we can steer for that wondrous region portalled by the Ethiopian's Head, give greeting to old Billali, and wander awhile with Ayesha amid the sad splendours of the tombs of Kôr.

Whichever expedition we decide upon we shall be

quite easy in our minds on the score of getting safely through. Were Sir Rider Haggard presented, like Cadmus of old, with a handful of dragon's teeth to sow, the crop of warriors that would arise would make the shade of Frederick the Great quite envious. It would be no light matter to get together a bodyguard of such doughty units as Sir Henry Curtis, Umbopa and Twala, Umslopogaas and Galazi, Eric Brighteyes, Skallagrim and Ospakar Blacktooth, Martin the Frisian, Otter the conqueror of the Snake, the twin brothers Godwin and Wulf, and, if we are not superstitious of thirteen, golden-harnessed Odysseus. The tale of scalps these paladins accounted for between them would suffice to decorate a whole tribe of Fenimore Cooper's Indians. Umslopogaas alone, if I remember rightly, had cut one hundred and three notches in the shaft of "Groanmaker" before ever he tackled the Masai or stood with Kara at the head of the flying stairway. Which reminds me that Sir Rider Haggard has been frequently accused of bloodthirsty instincts and with pandering to unwholesome appetites. It has indeed been asserted that, like the Abyssinian natives whom Bruce of Munchausen fame was held to have maligned, he dines exclusively on raw steaks, and that his romances "reek with blood like a very shambles." The accusation, however, is beside the mark, because it wholly begs the question of Sir Rider Haggard's outlook, and violates the rule which Maupassant has truly said will ever need repeating a thousand times, that, whatever the reader may like or dislike, the critic, if he be worthy of the name, has no right to concern himself about tendencies. "He must judge the particular work solely in relation to the nature of the attempt." Sir Rider Haggard's attempt is to deal with heroic times and episodes in a heroic and realistic manner. In this, as I think, he has quite remarkably succeeded. *Nada the Lily*, for instance, where slaughter is on as large a scale as in anything he has given us, is most certainly as true and as powerful a presentment of savage existence as can easily be found either in fiction or out of it.

But it is by no means only as a graphic chronicler of rousing combats, or yet as a painter of scenes that are terrible or ghastly, that Sir Rider Haggard appeals to us.

His work has charms of a higher value, wizardries of a more abiding potence. I think it is M. Paul Bourget who has observed that "the novelist who desires to live shall continue to put poetry in his prose." Sir Rider Haggard has a gift of poetry which, when most happily allied to his rare imagination and inventiveness, enables him to reach a far loftier height than most fabulists whose aim is no more than an exciting story of adventure. He has, indeed, an epic sense which would transcend the limits of our mundane vision and open out perspectives of some super-terrestrial landscape. There is about it a curious, indefinable quality—something of the twilight, more perhaps of the night; a night when summer lightning is abroad, when the stars seem alternately to approach and to recede from the atmosphere of earth. For it conveys, to me at least, a peculiar sense of the Infinite.

Sir Rider Haggard is brim-full of it. It breaks out here and there in some arresting passage even in his more tranquil novels of everyday English life. Take, for instance, *Beatrice*, and *Colonel Quaritch, V.C.*, or, if you would have it in more abundant measure, *Stella Fregelius*. It is employed effectively, not twice or thrice, in *King Solomon's Mines* and *Allan Quatermain*. It is tense, yet restrained, in *Eric Brighteyes*, in *Montezuma's Daughter*, and in *Nada the Lily*. It pervasively illuminates *The World's Desire*. It reaches its loftiest expression in *Cleopatra*, in *She*, and in *Ayesha: The Return of She*. And though at times it is maddeningly contrasted with strange lapses into commonplace—for the reason, perhaps, that the romance of adventure is not, fundamentally, the most fitting place for its introduction—it is of supreme importance in any consideration of Sir Rider Haggard's performances because it is precisely where it is most finely and most unrestrainedly employed that we get the essence of his message and his meaning.

What, then, is this message? Superficially, it might be described as fatalism: that which must befall must befall. And in some degree Sir Rider Haggard may justly be said to have the prescience of the Norns ever upon him. Bearing in mind his Scandinavian antecedents, I can, indeed, almost imagine that in some previous incarnation he played the part of an Icelandic Skald and

wandered from homestead to homestead foretelling disaster and doom. But it is by no means fatalism. It also goes far beyond the old Greek idea of Nemesis. It is rather the expression of a vivid sense of the unending conflict between the dual principles of evil and of good, of suffering and of joy; of the imperative and inevitable punishment or reward which is their sequel; and of the mystery and the silence of the Eternal Law by which they act and whence they proceed. Like a pervasive and recurrent tune, this theme runs in a weird music through all this author's romances; and however loudly the external clamour of the narrative appears to drown it, those who have ears to listen cannot fail to catch its meaning.

This breadth of vision, the natural attribute of an imagination which is impatient of the finite and is ever attempting to read the stars, also accounts, and alone accounts, for a quality in Sir Rider Haggard's work which is not to be confounded with mere blood-letting, namely, ruthlessness. And by ruthlessness I mean the apparently merciless manner in which he consigns so large a number of his characters to ruin or death. This treatment does not so much apply to his menfolk, for their exits from the drama are usually portrayed in such heroic fashion as to connote a sense of glory rather than of tears. But with his womenkind it is different. Thus, in *Dawn* we have Mildred Carr heartbroken; in the *Witch's Head* Eva Keswick delivered to a fate worse than death; in *Colonel Quaritch, V.C.*, Belle Quest cruelly deserted; while among those whose lot is death itself we have Jess, Marie, Beatrice, Joan Haste, Stella Quatermain and Stella Fregelius; Sorais, Nada and Gudruda; Otomie, Maya and Elissa; Masouda and Ustane; Meriamum and Atene; Merapi and Yva.

But, however seemingly ruthless all this may appear, to interpret it as such is totally to misunderstand Sir Rider Haggard's point of view. The earthly sufferings and existences of his characters are, to him, no more than single pages from an innumerable series of lives, a series without any beginning or ending. Birth and death are, in his eyes, merely milestones on the orbit of our infinity. In the words of that mysterious being who haunted Holly's dreams: "That which is alive hath known death, and that

which is dead yet can never die. For in the Circle of the Spirit life is naught and death is naught. Yea, all things live for ever, though at times they sleep and are forgotten." Thus, in his more logical view, Eternity is not regarded, as by most, as something with a hither wall to it, but we are immortal here and now. Still further, and as a consequence of this sense of the infinite, he regards this present incarnation as far too short for any final judgment or assessment of humanity's deeds and sufferings. As "the glow-worm that shines in the night time and is black in the morning," as "the white breath of the oxen in winter," as "the little shadow that runs across the grass and loses itself at sunset"; such, as he beautifully puts it in the mouth of Ignosi, is our little span of earthly days and troublings.

And so, over all the tragedy and pain which he depicts —none the less tragic because heroically treated—he suffuses always, sometimes symbolically, sometimes in intenser radiance, the silver gleam of a dawn which is yet to be, a dawn of redemption and of peace. The last words of Elissa to Aziel, "Beloved, there is hope"; the cry of Meriamum to Odysseus, "Beneath the wings of Truth shall we meet again"; the shoe of the drowned Beatrice swept back to Geoffrey from the cruel sea; the cloak of Ayesha as it fell out of the blackness of the dreadful gulf on Leo Vincey; the unspoken message in the eyes of the dying Sorais; the wraith of Stella as it paused before Allan in the moonlight; the hand of Nada outstretched in greeting from her living tomb ere it quivered and grew still for ever; the farewell message of Yva to Humphrey Arbuthnot; in all these there is the suggestion that the story is not yet ended and that all the inexplicable tragedy and loss, the cruelty and the pain, will elsewhere be balanced in the scales and their meaning rendered clear.

It is in the tragedy of Kôr and of Kaloon, in *She* and in *Ayesha: The Return of She*, that our author's art of blending mysticism with romance attains to its loftiest powers. The former is the more simple, the more clear, and, perhaps for that reason, the more successful of the two. We have Ayesha there presented to us, to quote Sir Rider Haggard's own words, "as a type of intellectual materialism, satisfied with itself, and admitting the exist-

ence of no power beyond itself"; as a being, moreover, without any conception of the spiritual, whose ambitions and hopes, glorious and magnificent as they were, were all "of the Earth, earthy." In *Ayesha: The Return of She*, a far more ambitious effort, the allegorical side of the story is at once more lofty and—always a dangerous experiment—more obtrusive. As a romance it lacks that air of authenticity which contributed so highly to the success of its predecessor. If one is writing a pure fable of the Arabian Nights order, such as Beckford's *Vathek*, or Meredith's *Shaving of Shagpat*, inconsistencies are not of much moment. But *She* and its sequel—or, as the author prefers, its conclusion—purport to be a veracious account of an actual experience. And the fact that in places the latter romance contains statements as to the heroine's history which are in direct contradiction to those in the original work, spoils the illusion of reality.

Ayesha is now depicted as a far loftier being than in *She*, where, as has been said, her presentment is that of an immortal woman cherishing mere earthly ambitions. Here she is rather the immortal Spirit, of more mystical and transcendent powers. So, too, the great quest of Holly and Leo Vincey develops not merely as a material adventure of the body, but still more as an adventure of the soul. The avalanche, the glacier, the passions of Atene, the death-hounds, the last and arduous mountain beset with innumerable hidden dangers, all these must Leo's love and faith conquer. But not even yet is his victory complete. The love that shall be worthy of the divine must rise superior to the corruption and the horror of the grave; its endurance must outlast all finite limits. And hence the great trial in which he makes his choice for all eternity, and becomes justified in his faith by having restored to him the glory he had lost.

It is sincerely to be hoped that Sir Rider Haggard will one day give us the history of the *beginning* of his imaginative tragedy, and of the events which preceded and accompanied the flight of Amenartas and Kallikrates in those twilight days when the last of the native Pharaohs ruled in Egypt. Such a romance would surely be a fitting complement to the two he has already produced. It is, perhaps, idle

to speculate as to which of his romances will hereafter be considered most worthy of permanent regard. Possibly, from a purely literary point of view, *Beatrice* is the best written, *Eric Brighteyes* the most artistic in form, *Nada the Lily* the most pervasively powerful, and, beyond question, *She*, and in a lesser degree, *Ayesha: The Return of She*, and *When the World Shook*, the most remarkable. To have said this, however, is to have left out the best of the Quatermain series, as well as *Jess*, *Cleopatra*, and *Montezuma's Daughter*. That of all his works *She* will live, whatever else does, is, I venture to think, no incautious prophecy.

It remains to-day, as it was well described when it first saw the light over thirty-two years ago, "as rich and original a piece of romance as any our age has seen," and in its own kind it will not easily be paralleled.

That in some of his work we are, on occasions, suddenly brought to earth by the introduction of banalities, which especially jar when contrasted with things immortal and divine, may freely be admitted. It has also been said that his characters, in general, are too unswerving in their passions and aspirations, their loves and hates, accurately to represent life as we ordinarily know it. However that may be, he has given us in his own original, rugged manner what others of less imagination, if of greater literary gifts, have often failed to give us. He has caught more than an echo of "those great invisible truths, the whisper of whose wings we hear at times as they sweep through the gross air of the world." That evil begets evil and good begets good; that "behind the night the royal sun rides on, ever the rainbow shines around the rain"—this seems to me the sum and essence of his message. He has preached it without ribbons and dogma, with a magic, also, that remains perdurable when boyhood is outgrown, which appealing ever to our heart and blood shall indeed keep our youth as eternal in us as ever the Rolling Flame beyond the gulf of Kôr might keep it.

The Truth about the Navy

(Sir Percy Scott's Revelations)

ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT'S book of reminiscences is far more than an autobiography, it is the exposure and indictment of a system of administration which an it had not been for the gods might have landed this empire in disaster in 1914. This part of the book is so serious, and by reason of the authority of the author so non-controversial, that insistence becomes a national duty, all the more in that we are living in times of swift scientific development, and a return to the old red-tape Admiralty administration must sooner or later prove calamitous. Indeed, it was to expose the weaknesses and defects of our administrative machinery that Sir Percy Scott wrote his book.

The gravamen of his charge is Admiralty officialism, due, first, to the civilian element, which cannot know, and to a constantly changing *naval element which has little influence;* secondly, to a wrong spirit which vetoes incentive in a man and encourages "safety," thus leading to a method of inter-locking obstruction, so the most important papers get passed on from one department to another until frequently the original communication gets lost. This system of delay, red-tape, and confusion continued until Lord Jellicoe wrenched control from departmental conservatism. It shows signs of returning. It is, in the Admiral's deliberate opinion, a public danger.

Sir Percy Scott for many years has been the *enfant terrible* of the Navy, because he has always been ahead of his time in ideas; he was always inventing, improving, testing, and his life has been a constant wrangle with Admiralty conservatism, which blocked his inventions, opposed him and fought him, though he is admittedly the father of gunnery in the Navy, the man who taught our sailors to be 80 per cent. hitters and himself invented the mechanism to achieve that standard. As a man, he may have been intolerant of

stupidity, perhaps socially tactless, but as a sailor he has been the brain of the Navy for thirty years; he is a bit of a mechanical genius. When he entered the Navy, paint was the thing, not hitting the target, and his career has been one continuous struggle to reverse that position. At the bombardment of Alexandria, in 1882, he found that out of three thousand rounds fired at the forts, only ten made hits on the enemy guns. When he was appointed to the *Terrible*, at the time of the Boer war, he found all her gun-sights wrongly constructed and unserviceable; and her bow guns, to be used in chasing an enemy, were useless, as the port was not large enough to permit the sights being used; but also the guns could not be loaded for want of room to open the breach. "This condition applied to other ships also."

When war broke out in 1914, we had no up-to-date mines or mine-layers; no properly fitted mine-sweepers; no arrangements for guarding our ships against mines or torpedoes; no efficient method of using our guns at night, and no star shells; no air-defence guns; no anti-submarine defence; no *safe* harbour for the Fleet, and only eight capital ships fitted with director firing for their main armament. Our torpedoes were so inadequately fitted that they sank under the German ships instead of hitting them. And this by no means exhausts the list of defects, for Sir Percy Scott omits all reference to our open ammunition hoists and dangerous silk charge cases, so disastrously revealed at the battle of Jutland. The state of our Navy in 1914 was in reality extraordinarily dangerous. When the *Dreadnought* was completed, she had no efficient method of fighting the guns, and the mast which carried the observation station for fire-control was placed abaft the funnel, so that the men up aloft would be roasted; in fact, on one occasion they were nearly roasted, the mast getting red-hot. Yet in 1907 the Admiralty deliberately reverted to the idea of putting the funnel before the mast, and this mistake was incorporated in the design of the *Lion*, *Tiger*, *Princess Royal*, *Queen Mary*, and *Indefatigable*. Sir Percy got hold of Mr. Churchill and induced him to have the masts pulled out and placed in front of the funnel, but again their Lordships intervened, and this time the politician could not be got at, and so they replaced the strong

tripod-mast by a light one, unsuitable for carrying the director tower. So hostile were they to this description of firing coming into use that they put in a light mast which invalidated director-firing being used. This terrible blunder had to be rectified during the war at great expense and as the result of bloody experience.

In 1904 Sir Percy Scott wrote a revolutionary letter to the Admiralty on naval gun-sights, all of which were inefficient, which stirred them up until gradually this appalling negligence was remedied. Sir Percy himself invented these improved gun-sights, as he invented so many other things, namely, a lamp for signalling at night, search-light mechanism, practice targets, Whale Island, and what is called "spotting." The Admiralty not only opposed Sir Percy Scott's system of director-firing, a modification of which the Germans possessed, but actually prevented its instalment, so that in 1914 none of the secondary armaments were so fitted, thus making it extremely dangerous to risk a night action, which was the reason why Lord Jellicoe so wisely declined risking the Fleet at night after the Jutland action. As a fact, our Navy was not completely fitted with director-firing when the war ended.

Take another case, submarine defence. Sir Percy settles the oft-disputed question of "who was the inventor of the depth charge" by informing us that it was Captain Philip Colomb. Sir Percy, subsequent to Captain Philip Colomb's proposal, suggested a very simple form of depth charge, which could have been supplied in quantity in 1914. Depth charges were not supplied until 1916. This delay, Sir Percy estimates, cost the country £200,000,000. Our Grand Fleet lay at Scapa unprotected, and why the Germans did not thus win the war in 1914 Sir Percy can only explain on the assumption that the Germans could not believe we were such fools as to keep our Fleet in an unprotected harbour.

Here we have a typical instance of Admiralty conservatism. When Sir Percy exposed the submarine danger, he was assailed on all sides. Lord Sydenham, who is not a sailor, waxed particularly indignant, and called it a "fantastic dream." Admirals Fremantle, Bacon, Lord Beresford, Bridgeman, all denounced his "scare"; the papers followed suit. Almost directly after the war was declared,

the *Pathfinder*, *Cressy*, *Hogue*, *Aboukir*, and *Hawke*, patrolling leisurely off the Belgian coast, were sent to the bottom with a loss of about four thousand lives. Then the justice of Sir Percy's reasoning was recognised. Similarly the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* were sunk by the German director-firing ships.

Another point—elevation. A long time before the war, after a visit to Kiel, Sir Percy discovered that the Germans had very high elevation, giving their guns 30°, whereas ours only had 13½°, which meant that their lower-power guns could out-distance our higher-power guns, as they did to our disadvantage at the battle of Jutland, when our ships had 15° of elevation, the Germans' 30°. Yet so little was this elementary point realised that even in January, 1918, Sir Percy found at the front our 9.2-inch guns with only 20° of elevation. He got them promptly increased to 35°.

Very important is all that Sir Percy says on the Dardanelles naval operations. Lord Fisher resigned on that score, as we know. Admiral Scott declined Mr. Churchill's offer to command the Fleet, refusing to be responsible for the use of "inefficient" ships against shore batteries. As the first living authority on naval gunnery, technical and practical, his criticism is of supreme importance. Mr. Churchill, in his evidence before the Royal Commission, said: "We had seen fortresses collapsing after a few days' attack by field armies." He therefore thought naval guns could silence the Dardanelles forts. But, not being a sailor, he did not know about elevation. As Sir Percy points out, and every civilian at the Admiralty [including Mr. Churchill] should be made to learn pages 329, 330, 331 by heart, a ship's guns cannot be fired by clinometer owing to the ship's motion, and this is the *permanent reason* why against forts, ships, with their motion and good target, must be at a disadvantage, as was indeed axiomatic, except to politicians. Now, with the exception of the *Queen Elizabeth*, none of the ships detailed for the bombardment had a high elevation, nor could they fire their guns from aloft. Any child reading Sir Percy Scott's book could express a very confident opinion as to whether ships could successfully attack guns on shore or not. To understand the reasoning requires no technical knowledge, still a grateful country paid £4,850 to a commission who

told us that, "whether the ships could defeat the shore guns or not, involve arguments of so highly technical a character that none but specialists can express a very confident opinion on them."

The vital point here is that, although Lord Fisher was only dragged into consenting by Lord Kitchener's personality, and Admiral Scott, the world's premier authority on naval gunnery, *refused to have anything to do with it*, a civilian, Mr. Churchill, was able to override the technical knowledge of sailors and the responsibility of admirals and embark on one of the most amateurish expeditions in our history, resulting in a loss of six capital ships and ultimately of 196,000 casualties, and that at a time when, as we now know, Lord French was suffering from an acute shell shortage and a total absence of high explosive, and our front in consequence was in deadly peril.

This is the moral of Sir Percy Scott's book. The Admiralty had for years preferred housemaiding the ships to gunnery, and when a man appeared who insisted upon using ships as platforms for guns that could hit their target, he was positively persecuted and his many inventions were rejected, and he himself snubbed because the Admiralty liked to produce and patent their own inventions at their leisure.

When war came, our newest ships had no complete director-firing, our searchlights were useless because of the glare, we ignored the submarine danger, we had chasing guns that could not be used because of the spray, and observation masts placed behind the funnels so that the observers were blinded by smoke and almost roasted alive; and our armour-piercing shells were much inferior to those of the enemy. Fortunately, the Navy had three determined, capable men in Lord Fisher, Lord Jellicoe, and Sir Percy Scott, who fought their Lordships tooth and nail and knew how to get on the lee side of the politicians. They made war on paint and housemaiding. They taught the Navy to shoot. They made gunnery the business of ships, instead of polish And because Sir Percy was the fierce genius of reform, he was treated like an obstreperous boy, and for the first hundred days of the war was not even employed, and he the one man the Germans most feared.

What now? Sir Percy utters his parting warning. The capital ship he pronounces to be dead. The future is in the air and under the seas. More than ever, alertness is necessary, and if we revert to civilian or political control and red-tape administration, it is certain that alertness will not be the watchword; especially in present conditions, when for the moment no Navy is necessary. The use of our ships at the Dardanelles shows the peril of conservatism, even making fair allowance for the usual contempt for the enemy, for it proves that the business of gunnery was not understood at the Admiralty, and further that those whose life business it was to understand it in the crisis of war possessed no authority. A civilian could risk the Navy on a gamble against the technical opinion of the Fleet. That was the position. Their Lordships could actually stop the introduction of director-firing, without which accurate long-range firing is practically impossible. They could throw down all inventions sent in from the service, and did throw them down, thus making it an *act of insubordination on the part of an active sailor to use his brains*. A graver state of things cannot be imagined.

On December 11, 1911, Sir Percy wrote to the Admiralty and said straight out that if our Fleet engaged the German Fleet, which was fitted with a system of fighting the guns *in parallel*, our Fleet would be badly beaten in moderate weather, but annihilated in rough weather. Yet nothing was done. He wrote again about the matter in 1912. Two years later the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* were sent to the bottom with all hands in rough weather, as they had no effective way of fighting their guns. Similarly, in June, 1914, Sir Percy solemnly warned the nation, this time publicly, that the battleship was obsolete, the truth of which we discovered in the war. If a battleship went from Scapa to the Forth to be docked she had to be escorted by half a dozen destroyers. Thus once more Sir Percy has been proved right. He told us in 1914 not to build any more battleships. We have not built any more since his historic letter. We have only completed those projected at the date of his letter. When we think of the Dardanelles fiasco, due to the *ignorance of the authorities of the difference between ship and shore gunnery*, is it not a public duty to demand, in the face of the £150,000,000 naval estimates

one year after the end of the war, when there is not a sea fight in sight, that Sir Percy Scott should be given a free hand to supervise our future naval programme? If things came out all right, let us remember that this was due to the energy of naval officers, not to the *mind* or preparations of the responsible authorities.

History will assuredly pronounce judgment upon the politicians who, in Britain's gravest crisis of war, gave to the man of all others who had made our Navy and taught it gunnery merely irregular and secondary employment instead of placing him in absolute control of naval gunnery and anti-submarine defence. A system which punished a sailor for using his brains stands self-condemned. Shall we alter it? The answer will depend upon the national attitude towards education. So long as we despise knowledge, we shall continue to maintain our conservatism. It is so in our Public Schools, in the Army, in the Navy. We hate idea, and so a man like Sir Percy, who was continually effecting improvements, continually anticipating developments, continually upsetting rooted traditions, met with studied opposition; and so it will always be unless we modify our attitude and allow idea or genius free expression. When we recall that, only a few years back, admirals generally went ashore during target-practice, we need not be surprised that Sir Percy got himself disliked because his ship was always first in gunnery—it was not the recognised thing. Smart appearance was the key to success. Of course, genius does emerge, and so it was in the case of Sir Percy, who certainly endorses Lord Fisher's "fourth law"—disobedience. He got his way, but only partly, and had the Germans risked a general engagement in 1914–15, literally anything might have happened. If there are any statues going, one certainly ought to be put up in front of the Admiralty to the man who taught the Navy to shoot; whose reputation for efficiency (and the Germans knew all they could about Sir Percy) was certainly one of the determining reasons which prompted the Kaiser to nurse rather than fight his Fleet, and so "funk" a mortal issue.

Moon Upon Her Counterpane

By E. X. Kapp

She lingered within her bedroom door to say good-night to me, her half-shrouded eyes, her heavy hands in mine, entreating me to pause. Her head drooped a little to one side.

I let her hands fall; they dropped heavily, and heavily she stood, quite still, in the deep shadows of her room. My eyes were held in a stare at her, as they are held staring, heavily, at a quiet fall of rain on a grey day. . . . I went out through the walls.

How I love to rush in amongst the dead leaves! They nearly cover me, I am so small, like a squirrel. They are dry with a teasing prickle against my skin and I scamper lightly through them, with my eyes closed, turning and turning, laughing, tossing the dry spray with my arms. I am almost as light as a leaf. Lower down they begin to be moist and heavy and laden with deep, beautiful smells. But my feet do not reach them there.

I am in a forest, but all the trees, the monsters, are far away from me; I keep to the wide places between them. I am so full of gaiety, I turn and twist quickly, like a top, with my arms stretched out, straining; and I try to throw the leaves from me, but they have no weight and flutter softly back. I must keep my inches from the trees, I might hurt myself in my wildness!

Oh, I have bumped my head, like a bat. Hold—it throbs and twinges. The joy of that pain! How can I grasp it, keep it for ever? It makes me feel more alive. . . . I see it is a tree that has stopped me. It mounts above me into the sky.

From where the dead leaves begin to soften and crumble, low down near the first roots, close to my chin, a dark slender shoot pushes out of the tree and slopes up through the dry leaves. Whoop! I am astride of it in the night air. I can smell that its tip is quite green. Let me lean over and touch its soft point where leaves will soon burst. May

I taste it? Oh, I have bitten through it, its juice is sharp and terrible. I must climb. How I must climb! My feet and hands cling to the rough trunk; it has ten thousand steps for my feet and gripping places for my hands. I like to pull my weight up, hard, so, again, again, now round, higher. My little muscles expand; they are steel; you can make no dimple in them.

I grow heavier as I rise. I think the tree is very high, and grows with me. Below, a tiny dead leaf could cover my face; now my hand holds a hundred live ones that thrust themselves freshly from a branch. My fingers encircle the trunk, the hollows of my feet quietly press away the great hard funguses upon its bark.

Above my head is a roof of leaves; with mighty swings I rise and rise to pierce it with my head. My face is smeared with the virgin dust and juices of the tree.

Now my head is among the cool leaves. The freshness against my face! My arms are mighty flails that beat a way through the tree-roof for my body, which is like an old oak. I stand suddenly astride of the earth with my feet planted in the forks of the trees.

Who could have thought there was such a large pale green wonder-moon, in a serene ecstasy yielding up all its soft, soft light upon the tree-tops? The quiet tree-tops, nestling to my ankles, are shown by the moon with deep blue shadows as pearly bowers, castles, nooks, pagodas, romantic palaces, for bunching birds and all attendant live things sleeping. I see far away into Russia, Bargomoolna, and the Land of the Fifteen Kings. I stretch my hand for the moon and bring the cool smiling thing down, passing it playfully from hand to hand. It makes me smile to know how easy this is. . . .

* * * * * * *

A soft moon-ray creeps through her bedroom window, over a stretch of floor, up her counterpane, tracing the hills and valleys of it to go tickling her eyelashes. She knows I am standing there, weighing the moon in my hands.

But at the corners of her sleeping eyes, slowly, one by one, the tears gather, swell, roll—and upon her pillow, one by one, steadily drop.

The World and the Jews

By Israel Zangwill

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In a brilliant essay in the last number of the English Review entitled, "Which God? or the World Battle of the Jews," Mr. Austin Harrison has sustained the thesis that the present world-struggle between Capitalism and Socialism is essentially a struggle between the ideas of two sets of Jews. No Jew would have advanced so megalomaniacal a claim. In his ascription of polarity to the race, Mr. Harrison was indeed anticipated by the great Jewish historian, Graetz. But Mr. Harrison has not Graetz's knowledge of Jewish history; and he brings to the support of his thesis the discredited myth of Jewish wealth, influence, financial genius and devotion to the one idea of money.

It is rather odd that such a supposed anti-Semite as Mr. Belloc has just been saying in an address to the London University Zionist Society: "The idea that the Jews tried to get money and were rich was absolutely false. Jews as a mass were a very poor race, because the making of money was not their principal object."

My friend and former co-worker, Sir Lionel Abrahams, whose premature death is a grave loss both to the Empire and Jewry, laid it down in his last presidential address to the Jewish Historical Society of England that "Jewish financial genius does not exist, and Jews have attained as a whole comparatively little in the way of financial and economic eminence."

This is, perhaps, to exaggerate on the other side, and to ignore his own genius as Indian Financial Secretary, to which Lord Inchcape has paid tribute in *The Times*. Financial supermen are undoubtedly to be found among the Jews of all countries, though they have never reached the dimensions of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller; and Sombart's view that they are solely responsible for the credit system

of Europe ignores the operations of the Lombards, the Flemings and the Florentines.

That the legend of their wealth arose at all Sir Lionel Abrahams traces to the fact that they almost alone in the Middle Ages had property in the shape of money. A portable form of wealth was a necessity for the eternal refugee, and, moreover, he was forbidden to hold it in the solid shape of land. Citing an ancient document of inquiry into the movables possessed by the inhabitants of Colchester in 1301, Sir Lionel Abrahams tells us that of the three hundred and ninety inhabitants examined, only ten were found to possess any money, and the largest sum found was two marks (£1. 6s. 8d.). Similarly tenants paid the Lord of the Manor mainly in work, cows, or poultry. It was thus that the Gentile had to "go to the Jews" in any crisis demanding metallic money, or securities for money—with the resultant delusion from which the world still suffers.

It says much for Mr. Harrison's penetration that he all but reaches this analysis. "The nobility," he says, "had wealth, because they possessed the land, and the people were their villeins." But their wealth was not "socially distributed." In saying that the mediæval Jews were neither workers nor makers of things he overlooks, however, that they would be excluded from the guilds, by which all labour was organised.

But if the Jew does not loom so large in the capitalist scheme as the world imagines, and if Mr. Harrison is under the usual illusion that it is Jewish capitalists *par excellence* who control Governments, there is more truth in the other pole of his contention that it is Jews who are the socialistic leaven of the modern world, the idealists ready to die for international justice and brotherhood. That these are not the only force at work in this direction, however, the existence of Lenin suffices to remind us; though it is characteristic of the legendary treatment of the Jewish question that Mr. Harrison, having to recognise Cecil Rhodes as the protagonist of modern capitalist imperialism, and Lenin as his antithesis, throws over the former a vague suspicion of Jewish blood, and actually writes of Lenin as if he were either a Jew or a Jewish tool.

But while capitalistic imperialism has no organic con-

nection with the Jewish temperament—is it not Mr. Montagu who is showing England the path to true imperialism?—socialism is unquestionably in harmony with the Jewish genius from the days of Moses, while internationalism is latent in Isaiah and Amos: not socialism in any narrow, schematic form of partition of property or destruction of individualism, but the conception of the national organism as one happy and righteous whole, with the world as a federation of such peaceful systems. There is thus to-day not so much a "new evangel" as an attempt of the Jewish soul to re-express for itself and mankind its old aspiration under the changed conditions of the modern world: "For in thee and thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." The Bible, as Mr. George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, reminds us in his latest work, "is a dangerous and dynamic book, radical and revolutionary, essentially democratic," which "puts all conservatisms in peril," and "is an armoury for the forces of militant progress." Disraeli was never more Jewish than when he marked in *Sybil* his horror of the "Two Nations" of wealth and poverty into which England, like Europe at large, was divided.

It is only in succumbing to the policy of violence as the short cut to the millennium that Trotsky has been faithless to the spirit of Judaism—that long tradition of Reason and Love. If it was a Jew who said, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," he did not say it of the kingdom of heaven on earth. The red road is not the path to Zion. It might be unfair to suggest that Trotsky has been misled by the Gentile tradition of Lenin; but it may at least be pointed out that the absolute headship of the movement is not Jewish. But even the attempt to precipitate the millennium by force is better than the sullen determination of Christendom to continue the still more murderous order of Sovereign States united at best by a loveless League in a peace which passeth all understanding.

The Jews of America are up in arms because Sargent's fresco in the Boston Library depicts Judaism as an unlovely hag with bandaged eyes. In vain Sargent claims that he is but following the precedent of mediæval cathedrals.

Judaism to-day is no blind spectator. There is Jewish blood in nearly all the young poets who have returned from the trenches to picture to us the loathsomeness of the process by which Christendom parcels out the kingdoms of the world. It is at the hands of Jewish publicists all the world over —from the conductors of America's *New Republic* to the editor of our own *International Review*—that the brazen attempt to palm off the Paris ukases as the Wilsonian Peace-Programme meets with its sternest repudiation. They know that if "The Tiger" is lying down with the lamb, it is only—as Dickens predicted of the lion—with the lamb inside, and they smile bitterly at the idea of a new world-order emerging under the ægis of a tribal politician whose very sobriquet recalls the law of the jungle. Not improbably his Jewish secretary shares the sentiments of Karl Blum, the secretary of Clemenceau's Prussian prototype in my play, *The War God*, produced some years before the war:

> "I tell you, we outsiders see the game,
> We Jews, who bidden rise *beyond* the code
> Of eye for eye, must rub both eyes to see
> Not e'en eye-justice done in Christendom,
> Whose cannons thunder 'gainst both God and Christ."

Perhaps that is the real uneasiness of Christendom in the presence of the Jew. Israel's emancipation has served, as Stevenson said of marriage, to "domesticate the Recording Angel."

The Poetic Futility of Flanders

By Thomas Moult

It is little more than a year since every other British soldier seemed to be storming the Parnassian summit with no less intensity than he stormed the subterranean strongholds of Prussia; little more than a year since every other journalist on the safer side of the English Channel was acclaiming his particular choice among these poets and poetlings of the khaki in superlatives which, happily, everyone by now, except the hero and his relatives, has quite forgotten. For the war has gone out of our life, as a presence, a sickening premonition, if not as a fact; and the flatteries of the ready-writer have yielded place to the authentic utterance of the critics who hitherto had believed in silence as the one remaining decency, and who, rather than sacrifice that remnant, risked the proclamation by others of fifty soldier-poets worthy of rank with Shelley and Keats. It would be difficult to recall an instance of critical protest actually made during the war against such irresponsibility, other than that embodied in a certain essay by Mr. John Middleton Murry, just reprinted in his volume *The Evolution of an Intellectual*, with which Mr. Cobden-Sanderson has opened his record as a London publisher. Only to-day is it dawning on the reading public that the critics themselves are profoundly sceptical about the war's fruitfulness, so far, in art and letters; indeed, there are those who, even in face of the opening verse from Thomas Hardy's "Men Who March Away," have resolved that the war has contributed to English poetry nothing at all.

Whether we reject or allow the justification of such a clean-sweeping judgment depends, of course, upon our own individual attitude towards the poetic art. Those on the side of rejection will not be merely the aforesaid journalists, the charlatans who retain the courage of their deceptions; they will include generous-hearted and altogether sincere appraisers like Mr. Sturge Moore, who has written his

recent studies of "Soldier Poets" as though his personal gratitude had blinded him to the fact that the writers he includes must of necessity be poets in despite and not because of their soldiering. Those who are in stern agreement with the less eclectic criticism will find themselves as sections of an equally incongruous company. There will be, for example, the assenters of the Alfred Douglas type, that exotic though reluctant survival from the 'nineties, which, as in Lord Alfred's cheerful tirade at the end of his *Collected Poems* against "the nation that can seriously lash itself into enthusiasm over the puerile crudities (when they are nothing worse) of a Rupert Brooke," appears to regard the one alternative to loftiness (the word not necessarily possessing any ethical significance) and to Apollo's hill-top lyre as a descent to the wild valley-flowers and the reed of Pan. And there will be the assenters who find in the genius of, say, Thomas Hardy their supreme example of compulsive power in modern poetry, who either recognise behind a poet's utterance his own reaction to the basic principle of life, or refuse to recognise in him anything more than craftsmanship, or worse—and worse still because his own senses also are intrigued—a desire to tickle, in Mozart's phrase, the long ears of the donkeys. . . . It is these last-mentioned assenters, at least, who have never looked on war as an event to be seized upon and sung, with the one test of the result a purely conventional preference for regular rhymes and metre, or for these, which are only accidents of craftsmanship, as irregular, as non-existent. To them the poetry, or rather the verse written by soldiers about the war, has expressed nothing except the soldier's own agony, his own despair, his own aspiration—and those soldiers who wrote down their experience in the form of letters have produced documents possibly more enduring. Indeed, the choice of one or other of the poetic forms for the direct transcription of one's private talk with a dead soldier's favourite dog, or of a battle-experience, or of one's horrible memories of shattered bodies lying in and out of the trenches, may produce in our minds an immediate impression; it may stir in us a numbing emotion that for the time being we can deceive ourselves into believing is the emotion of poetry.

> "Thud, thud, thud—quite soft . . . they never cease
> Those whispering guns——"

But we shall not, in the end, be able to distinguish between the emotional effect of this and of descriptive passages comparable in soldiers' prose.

"I am grieved for our hands," wrote one of our younger artists from the trenches, "our hands that have caressed roses and women's flesh, old lovely books and marbles of Carrara. I am grieved for our hands that were so reverent in beauty's service, so glad of beauty's tresses, hair and silken robe and gentle fingers, so glad of beauty of bronze and wood and stone and rustling parchment. So glad, so reverent, so white. . . . I am grieved for our hands." There is no fundamental difference in the torture of our indignation and desolation as we turn from Mr. Sassoon's verses (and Mr. Sassoon, who is to-day revealing a true poetic vision, can afford to admit it) to Mr. Aldingon's prose-poem and then to the noble words that Frederick Keeling wrote half a year before he was killed: "My battalion seems no more than a mere necessary trough for shovelling us poor human units into the war machine; and as [my separation from] it has receded into the background, as a source of vision for making this life worth living and this work worth doing, the idea of England as a whole takes its place. Religion I have no use for; it seems no good in this hell. Vision a man needs, but not shadowy wraiths; his gods must be like the old pagan gods that spring from the realities of the human heart upon the earth. Honour, patriotism, and comradeship are one's best stays. Patriotism we English have, but I think a far less cultivated patriotism than men of some other races. God forbid that we should cultivate it like the Germans. But a man may gain strength from refining and winnowing and treasuring his views of what he means by his country, just as men have undoubtedly gained strength by communing with what they call their God." Human, all too human. . . . And the returned warrior who still nurses the desire to interpret his experience will do well to understand, before he turns to the poetic forms, that there is no kinship whatever between the emotions of common humanity and the emotion born of an artist's experience. The qualities in a poem, a picture, or a symphony that lead people to describe the work as human are purely adventitious and have nothing to do with artistic significance. If we can imagine common humanity as

felicitous enough to seize upon and welcome the great poem of the war (when it comes, for it did not come from Flanders, nor will it come necessarily from one who has been a soldier), we shall be pretty safe in prophesying that common humanity will have been attracted by the mere accidents of the poem, and not by the one definite quality that shall have justified the writing of a poem rather than the writing of a new *Sevastopol* or a new *War and Peace*. Those accidents are the structure, the material, the symbolism of the poem, the always romantic idea of war itself. For the poet's vision will be entirely different for the soldier's experience. It will be that for which Mr. George Moore pleads in his new *Avowals*—a return to life in its essentials. And of this vision the war-setting will be the medium of interpretation, not the fundamental reality. All that the great and terrible event which ended in Europe a little while ago will have contributed to this great and far more terrible poem is the key that enables its creator to convey his supreme embracement of the universal in terms of the local, the particular. The war has been devastating, world-numbing, so that it is once more already well-nigh unbelievable; but it can bear no greater relation to the universality of the poet's mind than does the bereavement and agony this very day in an Esquimaux hut or of any obscure family in the blind labyrinths of Peckham or Kensal Green.

Unity of Command

By Robert Williams

I REMEMBER during the war discussing with one of the Lords of the Admiralty the subject of Labour unrest, and he was of the opinion that what was wrong with the Trade Union Movement was that it had far too much power and too little responsibility. I found him expressing opinions suspiciously alike to the underlying principles of Guild Socialism. It remains significantly true, however, that while our industrial power to thwart, to hamper, to embarrass, and, in a word, to prevent the actual carrying-on of modern industry grows steadily greater in proportion to our numerical strength, our self-reliance, our solidarity, and the interdependence of to-day's work, yet our influence in shaping, creating, and determining political and general industrial policy has by no means kept pace with that accession of strength.

While being a member of the Executive Committee of the National Labour Party, and doing all in my personal power to improve the quality as well as increase the numbers of the Parliamentary Labour Party, I have been compelled to realise that Labour's political—as distinct from its Parliamentary—influence depends almost entirely upon its industrial or Trade Union efficacy. Cramp, of the National Union of Railwaymen, was quite correct when he said in his presidential address at the Railwaymen's Conference at Plymouth that the real political power was passing more and more out of the hands of the Houses of Parliament and into the hands of the great industrial organisations of Labour and Capital. Much as we would desire to see the workers developing political class consciousness and supporting their own nominees at election times, we have to utilise all the means at our disposal to secure redress for the age-long grievances of the workers. One hears it said again and again that the working-class population of this country, having had an opportunity of sending three or four

hundred Labour and ultra-Radical candidates to Parliament, should now remain supine while a gerrymandered Parliament of vested interests shall literally do their damnedest. It is only restating an unchallenged fact to say that the election of December last was fought in a kind of drunken frenzy. What many critics of the Labour Movement fail to realise is that a highly intelligent, virile, and "audacious" proletarian's vote may at any time be cancelled out by the ultra-conservative outlook of his own mother, or, perchance, his wife; whereas that self-same proletarian in the mine, on the railway, or in the factory can influence a hundred or a thousand of his workmates because of their reliance upon such an individual in the place where the workers spend most of their waking lives.

What is called progress has always been attributable to the active, self-reliant, and assertive minority. This holds good in the modern Trade Union as much as it did and does in Art, in Science, and in other aspects of human effort. We are bound, however, to ask ourselves what real effective use we can make of the power which is vested in the hands of those charged with the responsibility of guiding and directing the Labour Movement. Many of us would prefer to employ our energies rather as architects and designers than as advocates of the negation of policy of ceasing work. But at all times we are driven back upon the only defence of Labour's interest open to us, in consequence of the concentration of power and interest held by the proprietary classes and those who seek and act for them.

In the past, and still more to-day, strikes have been necessary as demonstrations in order to compel a realisation of our influence on the part of the great capitalists and financiers and their all-too-pliant agents, the politicians. But, apart from any ultra-controversial subjects such as whether industrial action is more important or more effective than political action, we have to ask ourselves whether our industrial policy is all that could be desired. Newspapers and periodicals of every political shade are indicating the possibilities of the establishment at no distant date of a Labour Government in this country. Before we have the manifold duties of Government thrust upon us, we should ask ourselves how far such confidence on the part of the electorate were justified and prove, at least to our own

satisfaction, that we can fashion a machine such as our industrial Labour Movement—which is at all times open to improvements—without any interference from the Government or the captains of industry.

The whole history of the Trade Union Movement shows clearly that our bargaining power increases in proportion to the numerical strength of our respective Trade Unions. For instance, the National Union of Railwaymen has infinitely and incalculably more power with its 450,000 members than was held by the A.S.R.S., the General Union of Railway Workers, and the United Pointsmen's and Signalmen's Society, which formed the nucleus of the N.U.R. and the total membership numbering less than 150,000. The National Transport Workers' Federation has grown in influence as it has increased its numerical strength and created a national conception in the minds of its constituent Unions. So, too, with the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, which is now organised in such a manner that it is entirely blackleg-proof.

When we conceive and advocate the policy of a central General Staff for the Industrial Labour Movement, the old-fashioned and inherently conservative leaders say that they cannot hand over the domestic control of their particular sections to a great centralised and authoritative body. This, however, is not borne out by the facts of present-day Trade Union experience. Taking the shipbuilding and engineering trades as a fair example, we find more than a dozen well-organised Trade Unions sinking their individual identities in bargaining and negotiation into one Trade Union federation for that industry. Again, the National Federation of General Workers, comprising, it is estimated, some million members, has welded the lesser-skilled and so-called unskilled labour Unions into a centralised body which has largely superseded the separate and distinct constituent Unions in the work of negotiation, the promotion of wages movements, the reduction of hours, and the general improvement of conditions. In clearly-defined industries like flour-milling, the manufacture of chemicals and fertilisers, the confectionery trade, the smelting of copper, lead, and spelter, and some fifty to a hundred separate and distinct phases of modern industry, the National Federation of General Workers undertakes the various economic move-

ments and brings them to more or less successful fruition. The Miners' Federation of Great Britain, moreover, has conducted most of the wage negotiations for the various districts instead of, as was the case in days gone by, each district dealing with its own wage negotiations. There has been an infinitely greater concentration of power in the hands of the Triple Industrial Alliance of Mine Workers, Railway Workers, and Transport Workers. Although in the far-reaching negotiations which took place at the beginning of the present year, each separate organisation conducted its own negotiations, there was a mutual guarantee all round that no single section should definitely settle unless and until the three bodies had obtained some measure of satisfaction. It was generally admitted by the spokesmen of the three sections, after their conferences had been held and some finality reached in their respective negotiations, that an enormous accession of strength had been derived from the mutual character of the negotiations and the reliance of each part upon the triple whole.

It becomes, therefore, undisputed and indisputable that we are moving towards some centralised co-ordinating authority which must more and more envisage working-class development upon the basis of class more than of trade or even of industry.

A danger easily to be foreseen in a highly centralised and co-ordinating body is the possibility of a great economic bureaucracy bearing down too strongly upon all individual and sectional initiative. But, valuable as that initiative may be from time to time, it frequently serves to wear out the fighting capacity of the working-class by rather abortive strikes which are productive of no immediate or effective results. We find that the Miners' Federation, undoubtedly the most formidable body of organised workers in the world, prefers to allow its claim for mines nationalisation to be settled by the entire Labour Movement, as the decision of the last Trades Union Congress shows. Our industry to-day is so interdependent one section upon the other that a strike in an apparently negligible trade or industry may involve with far-reaching consequences the entire Labour Movement.

If organised Labour in its comprehensive sense has to line up behind any Union whose very existence is chal-

lenged, as we were called upon to do in the recent railway dispute, we should, in fairness to ourselves and to those whom we represent, have an opportunity of exerting our influence in negotiations before we are constrained to exert that influence in strike action. Whatever fears and misgivings may occupy the minds of the timorous and hesitant sections of the community, the active spirits in the Trade Union Movement are fighting and will fight more and more for a steadily increasing share of the wealth which Labour produces.

Every industrial act will have a political effect, and only fools attempt to draw a line between industrial and political action. It remains to be seen how far the conservative section of the Labour Movement will permit the progress of the policy here foreshadowed. The Parliamentary Committee obviously is ill-fitted by *personnel* and tradition to proceed on the lines dictated to us by the concentration of proprietary interests. The sub-committee, consisting of members from the Parliamentary Committee, from the "Fourteen" who acted as mediators in the railway dispute, and from the workmen's side of the National Industrial Council, has been appointed to prepare a report and recommendations, and they have submitted them to the Special Trade Union Congress, held on December 9th and 10th, 1919.

This special Congress decided by more than a million majority that the imperative need and demand for "a central co-ordinating body representative of the whole Trade Union Movement and capable of efficiently dealing with industrial questions of national importance" was one of the primary considerations of the entire Trade Union Movement. The plan is (1) to substitute for the existing Parliamentary Committee a Trades Union Congress General Council to be elected annually; (2) to prepare a scheme determining the composition and methods of election of the General Council; (3) to make arrangements for the development of administrative departments in the offices of the General Council in order to secure the necessary officials, staff, and equipment.

It was agreed, moreover, that Labour stands more in need of co-ordinated effort to-day than ever before because of its vast potential power, and separate departments have

been recommended for purposes of research, legal matters bearing upon the work of the Trade Union and Labour Movement, and publicity, in order to provide suitable literature dealing with questions affecting the economic, social, and political welfare of the people, with machinery for inaugurating special publicity campaigns to meet emergencies of an industrial and political character. This naturally must constrain the movement to take up the question of publishing daily and weekly newspapers to prevent the misrepresentation of Labour's case which is conducted so sedulously in the newspapers directed by the powerful interests which are crippling the nation's activities for their own immediate advantage.

Here we have a political democracy which, were it only sufficiently enlightened, could undertake all Government and administration in the interest of the mass of the population. The recent electoral changes have placed millions of women upon the Register who lack even that semblance of political education and training possessed by men-folk. Women are being induced to look upon all forms of working-class activity as though these things were anathema. The influence of women in the pioneer days of Trade Unionism was used against economic and industrial association. This insensate hostility has, however, been broken down by the insistent pressure of economic facts and circumstances, and it is reasonable to hope that, with a well-directed, intelligent, and intensive publicity campaign, the women—who are, after all, the custodians of the race—can be won for social reconstruction.

Moreover, one of the certain results to be produced by the formation of a General Staff and the promotion of some measure of unity of command will be the engendering of a spirit of class loyalty and solidarity. This in its turn will produce a real class allegiance at the ballot-box infinitely more definite than has existed hitherto.

While there is no strict analogy between warfare and industrial policy, it still holds good that no section of the working-class can act selfishly and irresponsibly any more than could the infantry remain oblivious to the information obtained by aerial observation or to the effective support of artillery.

Vast possibilities lie immediately ahead to improve

enormously the economic status of the working people. We were able to carry on fairly effectively during the war with some eight millions of our healthy manhood and womanhood employed either in prosecuting the war or providing munitions and materials of war. What limit can there be placed upon the capacity for wealth production when the energies of those who are left hale and hearty are devoted to producing the things essential to human welfare?

Mr. Bonar Law said very pertinently on an occasion when a deputation from the Triple Industrial Alliance met him at Downing Street, that he looked upon Labour's organised strength much as he would look upon the Army and Navy in peace times, not necessarily to be used in militant operations, but to be used as a negotiating influence in securing redress for grievances, just as the Army and Navy were used in order to support diplomacy and foreign policy. The greater the power of the organisation, the greater also the responsibility, and, by implication, the more immunity from inconsequential disputes. The virility of the Shop Stewards Movement will, I am sure, if rightfully used, be more of an advantage than a disadvantage; but the active spirits among the rank and file must at all times be assured that the captains of Labour will be as assertive on behalf of their constituents as the captains of industry are as alert and as mindful of those who live on rent, interest, and profit.

How far the developments herein indicated will lead to a Central Assembly constructed upon occupational representation remains to be seen. The Soviet structure of the Russian Republican Government is but an extension of our Trades Council policy, in existence in this country for more than half a century. Geographical representation upon the basis of residence is not the last word in the government of this country, and perhaps the next decade will see us provided with an institution which more and more will supersede the present form of government and be far more in keeping with the needs and requirements of a highly-organised community than the present Houses of Parliament at Westminster.

The Work of the Old Men

By Austin Harrison

With the sovereign dropping to three dollars and the franc soaring into the relativities of space, while both rouble and mark are worth nothing, the first results of the Peace of Paris are making themselves felt. Perhaps the strangest thing in a democracy is the *ignorance* of democracy, due, this, of course, to the careful control exercised by a Press which to-day is an integral, conditional, and, at its pleasure, the determining part of the mechanism of modern Government. And so, as a pretty woman put it the other day: "It's odd, but there it is. We all expected to be miles poorer, but the war has made us oceans richer." Thus we sit, astride the fallen Colossus, in gay command of this cosmos, anticipating sixty per cent. of all the interest derivable from it—the fruits of Versailles. This singular delusion has been deliberately fostered by the politicians, who apparenly at Paris really seem to have persuaded themselves that they had regenerated the world. They treated the map like a schoolboy building a Meccano bridge. They decreed like Tetrarchs. Three men in absolute secrecy arrogated to themselves the final wisdom. And then, to give President Wilson something to take home as a keepsake, they rigged up a Covenant, all complete in thirty hours, and stuck it into the Book of a hundred thousand words with the theological title of a League of Nations.

As this matter must shortly, from the standpoint of taxation, be of profound moment to every man and woman in this country, I will explain here briefly the meaning of the work done and the nature of its *consequences*, for, as Lord Rothermere has written, next autumn millions may be hungry in this country as the direct consequence of the Paris handiwork. Fortunately, the public can now learn some of the truth from two books which have recently appeared, written by two eminent authorities. Dr. Dillon has narrated the story of Paris *politically* in his terrible exposure, *The Peace Conference*, a book which all should study as a public duty. Now we have an absolutely authoritative work

on the economic side by Maynard Keynes, C.B., *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* (Macmillan), which literally no man who pretends to take an interest in public affairs can afford to ignore. This latter book is actually official, for the writer was our official representative at the Peace Conference, also sitting as deputy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Supreme Economic Council up to June 7, 1919, when, disgusted with the incompetence, vanity, and morbid insincerity of the politicians, he resigned. He is Britain's Mr. Bullitt. It is in the highest degree Britain's interest, seeing that Britain's honour is engaged, to know what this Englishman has to say.

To understand the position of Europe and the consequences of the Treaty, it is essential to grasp this one determining fact, that the prosperity of Europe in the decade preceding the war was due to the immense *exportable food surplus* of America, which was paid for by exports, shipping, foreign investments, banking, etc.; also this: that about 100,000,000 people lived on the home industrialism of this interdependent (foreign) position. That is to say, few European countries could feed themselves. European industrialism or life depended upon overseas food imports, which explains why the Blockade was so deadly, also why any interference in that distributive mechanism must be disastrous to Europe's economic existence. Now this basic economic fact the politicians at Paris ignored. They set to work, like the kings of old, to pluck what they assumed to be the spoils, oblivious of the credit system, regardless of Europe's economic insecurity, thinking that if they carved up Europe territorially, credit, and presumably food, would take care of themselves. As Mr. Maynard Keynes points out, even honour was sacrificed to satisfy this design, President Wilson, who had gone to the Conference without even a note-book, finding himself more and more the lonely and uninspired mourner of his own funeral. What happened was this. The President's Points were never even discussed. M. Clemenceau, the one indomitable man among the Four, easily obtained the master-hand and used it; to bend the Allies to his will, to make a Carthaginian Peace, not only of political destruction of the Central Powers, but of indefinite economic strangulation.

This Carthaginian Peace was duly made. Let us look into it once more.

To recapitulate. The politicians went to Paris to re-map Europe on Napoleonic lines and disported themselves like the villains of the old Adelphi melodrama. They cut out five and a-half millions of Germans from Germany. They crippled Germany industrially by taking away half her coal, literally leaving her with not enough to feed her industries; they deprived her of iron-ore, zinc, her shipping, her arteries, her rivers, her rights; whether of trade, of determining tariffs, even of *existing* in any way not agreeable to the Allies, politically or economically; and then, as if inebriated with their own stupidity, they imposed an indefinite indemnity, reckoned at £1,000,000,000 a year. They did the same with Austria. They have not yet been able even to suggest what to do with Turkey. And now! Now, the sovereign is falling to three dollars, the franc is reeling into the nebula of the rouble, Italy is playing the poet-corsair, all Europe starves, and—Mr. Maynard Keynes, who knows, tells us that if Germany can pay £100,000,000 a year as a *maximum* we shall be fortunate. Mr. Hoover long ago said the same.

Europe's economic position is this. France refuses to tax herself; not even during the war did she impose taxation higher than four shillings in the pound; her note circulation is more than six times her pre-war level, and she continues the process of inflation; and now that the artificial regulation has been removed (it has been reimposed) whereby she was absolved from paying for her huge imports from Britain and America, the real weakness of her exchange is becoming daily more apparent, all the more as the staggering disproportion of her imports over exports is disclosed with the fact that she has no financial policy and literally dare not acquaint her people with the facts. Meanwhile everywhere the phenomenon of inflation continues, and deliberately as a capital policy of depreciation or indirect repudiation, so that the Allies are left (1) with an enemy that cannot pay because the Allies have deprived her of credit to buy and so of capacity to produce, without which production there can be no transfer of value, that is, indemnity payments; (2) with an incubus of heavy tribute

or indemnities to one another which they cannot meet and dare not attempt to Budget for. Thus we now all owe to one another enormous sums which by the Treaty we cannot obtain from the enemy—the fruits of Paris being an economic minus—which are not funded on any standard currency, which are monthly growing and literally unrealisable except through unprecedented calls on capital involving an adjustment of economic mechanism; in short, a position which, needless to say, is politically as unstable as it is economically grotesque, even were it not faced, as it is, with the rising distrust of American credit to finance an Europe who refuses to tax herself, refuses to put even credits to proper economic uses, refuses to permit Europe to produce, but expects America to *underwrite* Europe's profligacy so that a few politicians may regale themselves with the nimbus of a year or so of Cæsarian splendour on a fictitious prosperity on the chance that something may turn up to redeem their respective unveracities towards their credulous and benumbed Peoples. Such is the position, and that is why M. Clemenceau dashed over here to see what he could salve out of the welter.

The extraordinary thing about this incredible situation, fraught with consequences of the direst importance to every individual in Europe, is that nobody cares. Nobody is allowed to know what is going on; what fresh machinations the politicians are concocting; what new dreadful liabilities they are incurring (the Coal Bill is typical of Governmental ineptitude); what ghastly blunders they are committing in all secrecy, as if the world was the preserve of these old men, and Parliaments, mankind, society, civilisation were of no account at all. The reason of this may be partly psychological, due to the reaction of war, for in his release man cares not provided he can love, drink, and be merry, but in all essentials it is *economic*. It is due to the fact that the politicians or Governments are afraid to face the economic facts in order to maintain their own personal positions. Their escape is inflation, which thus continues, and so, with paper in abundance, the public see only prosperity and consequently do not think. The orgy is fascinating. The herd, democracy, responds by habit. Our conscience is muted with long suffering; we abdicate. The age of capital

has blunted the finer senses. The cry is money. And it is there—on paper, obtainable as easy as winking in the printing-press. So the old men continue to smoke their opiate cigars. Opinion is still dormant, unperceptive, controlled by a controlled Press. Yet only conditions matter. Irresistibly now, uncontrolled by man, they are whirling us into the abyss.

To realise even dimly the futility of the politicians we must remember that our own economists resigned, that the Americans again and again told these men they were talking hot-air and resigned, but still they persisted in their melodramatic revels, apparently imagining that what Napoleon could do they could do, and even go one better. It never occurred to them that this is a capitalist age, that credit is the world's (not their special) economic mechanism, and that this mechanism is, and must be, international. Indeed, it is remarkable how few people, especially historians, do realise this. They fail to see that world markets are interdependent; that if, therefore, we impoverish half Europe the other half must suffer; that, in short, if the balance is disturbed the mechanism of the whole is affected, as to-day we are experiencing in the pure Bolshevist depreciations of exchange, Bolshevist inflation with its sympathetic Bolshevist rise in prices, Bolshevist prosperity on Bolshevist inconvertibility of inflated paper money. Mr. Maynard Keynes brings us back to earth with a healthy bump. He estimates the physical loss of Belgium at £150,000,000 as a *maximum* (as a fact the Belgian claim exceeds the total estimated pre-war wealth of the whole country). He estimates the physical loss of France at £500,000,000, as a maximum, which is in accord with the estimates of French economists not engaged on the Treaty; yet France's claim is put at £2,600,000,000, as a minimum, excluding losses at sea, etc., etc. On the whole, Mr. Maynard Keynes reckons that a grand total of £800,000,000 would cover every conceivable French demand generously. Yet M. Klotz (September 5, 1919) estimated France's total claims at £5,360,000,000—a figure which can never be justified, and is obviously preposterous. Mr. Keynes' total estimate of just claims—and remember he is the man selected by the Government to

form an opinion—is £2,120,000,000; of which France should take £800,000,000; Belgium, £500,000,000; Britain, £570,000,000; the rest, £250,000,000; which sum clearly could and should be extracted from Germany, but unfortunately cannot be obtained because, as any bankrupt can testify to, if you deprive a man of his powers of earning money, no Court of Solomon in creation can impound that which the said bankrupt is not permitted to possess or to earn.

All this was explained in the REVIEW last February. Let us look again at this matter, which is one purely of transfer of value. Now Germany's immediately transferable wealth is threefold: (1) gold, about £60,000,000 (we have taken it); (2) ships—£120,000,000; (3) foreign securities, say, top-notch, £250,000,000. Now then to business. There is none. The old men killed the business. At her pre-war capacity, certainly, Germany might have paid £300,000,000 a year as the result of furious taxation and trade profits, in other words, on the transferable value of exports; yet even in 1913 her imports exceeded exports; she lived, as we did, from the interest of foreign securities which we have seized; from the profits of shipping which also we have seized; from foreign banking, etc., which we have prohibited. But to-day her source of revenue is gone, for by the Treaty she cannot even be self-supporting, let alone pay an indemnity. She is strangled. Deprived of raw materials and "of all rights," Germany will be the canker in a weak, impoverished, lowly-organised Europe, with an excess population which she cannot adequately feed or give employment to. It is decreed: she is to die. Literally, if this French policy of extermination is upheld, about 10,000,000 Germans will be either starved into emigration, if they can, or starved under the sod, and the same applies even more realistically to Austria.* It is a peace of continuous war, a mechanism of organised industrial ruin, the work of old men's fear. Had Wellington, Salisbury, or Campbell-Bannerman been alive, such a vendetta would have been unthinkable, for it is nothing less than *La Vendetta.* Nor in the records of history is there any precedent

* We have to-day to send coal to Vienna, having given the Austrian mines to the Czechs, who refuse to trade—there is no credit. So the coal we send we must first provide credit for. On what security?

for such designedly vindictive terms. The "Treaty," which aims at the de-industrialisation of the Germanic nations, thus impoverishes them utterly, and with them the whole parasitic organism of Europe which is dependent upon this industrialism.

Not exactly clever, this deliberate pauperisation of Europe, and not very kind even to our friends. Having reduced Germany to a trade concern placed in the hands of a receiver, politicians say, "Now, then, £1,000,000,000 a year or we bayonet you." Fortunately for us—a year of that insanity and we should all be scuttling over the precipice into Lenin's arms—America won't underwrite an unreality. Nobody can blame her. She says, make peace, not war. Get back to business. Europe must work and be allowed to work. We cannot give credit on senility, and that is exactly where we stand this morning with a little bill of £650,000,000 for the Services one year after war, when there is "no enemy in sight," and our responsible Admirals telling us that until we know what to build, no ships are necessary. This mania for extravagance and Pompadour-esque map-making is symptomatic of old man's megalomania; it is the disease of Governments. Admirable men, I know, still invoke the League of Nations, but I defy any man who pauses to consider that a million enemy women and children died as the result of our Blockade a year after the Germans had laid down their arms, to view this unnecessary and cold-blooded holocaust of the innocent as an auspicious introduction to a "new order," or to any social order. Indeed, as Mr. Maynard Keynes points out, President Wilson does not seem to understand his own League, for the Reparations Commission, ingeniously appointed over the heads of the Supreme Council, is supreme in its authority without *appeal of any kind to the League of Nations*, if and whenever appointed; and as this Commission is the tribunal for defining and exacting payments, Europe is in reality ruled by this *secret body on the power of the bayonet* over and above Governments, Parliaments, or any Covenant, republican or democratic, and can make war at any moment, and against this body democracy is impotent, and men are impotent, and the Supreme Council itself is impotent, and no constitutional weapon can avail.

So these men have betrayed the youth who died for what is called liberty. What is to be done? Mr. Maynard Keynes furnishes the only answer. We must revise the Treaty, if only because it is economically senseless and inapplicable. We must obtain a settlement of inter-Ally indebtedness. We must co-operate and establish a great international credit loan. We must stop inflation, bring down prices, and face our respective debts. We must make peace with Russia. We must be sensible and define the amount of Germany's debt, based on her capacity of payment, at, say,* £2,000,000,000, and provide her with the *means of paying it;* in other words, we must pull out the map and restore the Saar valley, which has been German since the year 870, and Upper Silesia, which has been German since 1163, neither of which regions we can, on any pretext of right or honour, deprive her of, and realise that, if we want hate, we get bad economics or disaster, but that, if we want indemnities, we must organise economic opportunity. It is a quite simple problem, entirely adjustable.

Shameful, horrible, fabulously ridiculous as the position is in which the old men have placed us, I have no sort of doubt but that it will come right because *conditions, not men, control,* and the more we veer towards extremes—of inflation, militarism, imperialism, monopoly prices, and capitalist disproportion—the sooner we shall arrive at that chasm on the one side of which Trotsky sits grinning with incredulity while on the other side the hale figure of British sanity points at us the trident of our destiny. Our present demand to America is foolish, for, having reduced the Germans to beggary and deprived them of all power of rehabilitation, we naïvely ask America to finance her bankruptcy, a procedure which is commonly known as "selling the pup." That is really why the Senate kick at the "new order," Mr. Greenhorn not being a Wall Street foundling. Meanwhile we are fabulously rich at the future taxpayer's expense. The profiteers have it. And so we have the singular phenomenon of Peoples who in reality are poorer by some

* The only way Germany could pay a really big indemnity is by greatly stimulating her pre-war export trade. On her present de-industrialised basis she cannot ever pay any sum approaching £5,000,000,000.

£20,000,000,000, intoxicated with the notion that war has made them miraculously richer. Never was there such luxury in London, Paris, and Rome. And Governments dare not stop it; they can only do so by revealing the true facts, namely, that we are all living on borrowed unfundable paper money, in addition to which we are producing, not for export—which is our life position—but to satisfy the stupendous demand for home luxuries at artificial prices paid for by profiteers, all of which money the public will have to find at a later date. While we imagine we are growing richer, we are daily becoming poorer, that is the truth; daily adding to our debt, daily accentuating the difficulties of reconstruction, daily consuming our own reserve power. This deceptive process of getting rich quick on nothing, however, will not now last long, because of America's refusal to underwrite chaos. In fact, we are on our points now. Soon Europe will learn that we have all got to work doubly hard or all decay, and that the only way to promote health and production is to create political stability.

Parliamentarians may seek popularity through appeals to prejudice, but that will not alter the fact that an impoverished, weak, revolutionary Germany must imply an impoverished, weak, and revolutionary Europe. Again, in re-creating a martial Poland we have established a Catholic, military outpost of France—it is a myth. If Germany and Russia are economically weak, revengeful, and disintegrate, Poland will be a non-economic unit, an empire of feathered magnificence, whose militarism we shall have to finance. Similarly with Greater Roumania. Similarly with the artificial empire, invented in 1917, of the Jugo-Slavs, astride the crown of Italy, herself tempted to play Bombastes Furioso on the paper printing-press. What we have is a complete breakdown of principle, of moral values, of statesmanship, of economic understanding. Crazy empires have been made by crazy politicians, which have, and can have, no economic justification, which must eventually find their natural place in the economic order of things, for, if to-day there are no principles, there are still laws; one of which is in this world the survival of the fittest; politicians cannot, therefore regroup Europe, as the old men have tried to, on

units of disintegration out of hate. They cannot create a healthy Czecho-Slovakia composed of 6,000,000 Czechs holding down 3,500,000 Germans, 2,500,000 Slovaks, 200,000 Magyars, and 500,000 Ruthenians and Poles, and expect harmony. (See Ireland.) They cannot despoil one People of 68,000,000 and another of 150,000,000, and say, "What a beneficent peace!" There will never be peace on such a basis. More, there ought not to be peace, for that is the negation of justice and the betrayal of our fighting cause. These things cannot be done to-day in our modern capitalist conditions, because, if Europe is Balkanised or de-industrialised, Europe cannot feed herself, and if she cannot *import*, neither can she export; in other words, the old men at Paris have actually Bolshefied their own economic mechanism.

And so we find the distressing paradox of the very men who outpointed President Wilson now calling for his Points, but they forget that politicians cannot "fool all the people all the time." It was easy to bamboozle the President; it is not so easy to bamboozle America. Such is the interesting crisis we have reached to-day. No military Alliance will help; on the contrary, an Alliance will merely involve us in greater expenditure and less returns, and the more we try to reorganise Europe on the basis of militarism and injustice the more rapid will be the process of disintegration and economic decay, for in striking at organisation or prosperity we are undermining the security of the whole. The French attitude is frankly cynical; it is, let the Germans die off. But Britain dare not and will not subscribe to this canon of mediævalism. After Waterloo, Wellington acted like a soldier and statesman. And this is really the crime of our old men. They capitulated to the inanity of hate. They kept no English line, upheld no English traditions, defined no English principles. Between fear of Bolshevism and fear of Germany, they feared the hapless President and even their own selected advisers. Now they fear the result.

There is only one way to establish a League of Nations and that is through principle, through a Declaration of Rights or World's Magna Carta, which it would be to the

real interest of all signatories to uphold. A mere mechanism arbitrarily functioning through a self-appointed tribunal will never succeed, and so for the nonce we may leave the League until men are once more minded to move on principle. The adjustment of the Treaty will come about naturally through economic pressure, simply because the alternative is almost too frightful to contemplate. Food will go up this year, for there is a world shortage, and this will promote thought. And Europe must have food and must have credit to *purchase that food, or starve.** That is the real and so far only positive achievement of the old men at Paris. Now this credit can only be provided by America. On what security? We have made chaos in Europe which cannot function. What is to be the American security? Such is the problem. And we must be quick, for famine waits for no politicians. Obviously our security must be order, a real peace instead of the conditions of war which the politicians thought America would underwrite under the euphemism of a Covenant. In plain language, if we want American help—and we shall all collapse without it—we must break the idols of our old men rampant and think constructively. Then, and only then, can we appeal sincerely to America, and without a doubt hopefully. All the bayonets of Christendom will not save Europe unless we restart her as an organic whole on the basis of political security, without which credit cannot operate. America, as the control, can thus still save us. But our old men will have to look very spry this time, or the year 1920 will culminate in European collapse.

There is another school of thought which is growing, moved by the realisation that, though the Treaty may be magnificent, it is not business, and that when you are hungry the ginger-bread is better than the gilt. It is to let Germany rip in Russia, a policy which would have the double advantage of smashing Lenin, and by allowing Germany to expropriate Russia thus permit us to expropriate Germany. This is what may be called the business side of the business. But there are serious human diffi-

* Vienna is starving. See the appeal signed by Field-Marshal Haig, Mr. Asquith, etc. The credit for initiating this charitable relief lies with the brave men and women who started the "Feed the Children" Fund.

culties in the way, the chief of which is that France will not hear of such a thing now that she is ensconced once more, as in the days after Cromwell, as the military controller of Europe supported by British arms and financed (?) by America. We could, of course, get a lot of money out of Germany in this way, only, of course, it would imply the revival of German militarism at the expense of the new democratic German Government, who would probably all have their throats cut. However, throats are cheap to-day, and to certain folk the scheme is what company promoters style "attractive," if money is really our principal aim and plutocracy is to remain our God. Our present way or dog-in-the-manger attitude leads nowhere, that is a certainty. The politicians reckoned they could go through with it because they banked on America. And that to-day is the exact crisis. How much will America underwrite, and *on what?* If America then refuses European famine, chaos, death, shall we underwrite? Hardly. What then? There are only two* alternatives, the "let Germany rip into Lenin" way, or revision of the Treaty—a revision, that is, based on unalterable economic laws which, securing political stability, will thus enable credit to operate, when, of course, America without a doubt would underwrite, and might even write off our Allied £2,000,000,000 indebtedness to her as testimony to her "new order" sacrifice. And so there the work of Paris stands entirely dependent upon the nature of the security that American bankers deem good enough to put up credit for, so as to enable the starving Europe created at Paris to purchase food with. But even credit so given would merely be a temporary expedient, for still the problem will remain of how to feed this superfluous 100,000,000 people, who hitherto have lived on the industrial system, now destroyed by the Treaty. That system is our system. The weaker, therefore, we make European industrialism, the weaker we make our own. We deflate. Now, as the world's need is production or wealth, a condition which artificially lessens productivity must lead to all-round impoverishment, decay, and collapse, which, to ask America to finance, is, apart from all ethical considerations, if there are such left, to anticipate the world socialist state.

* We may try an election fought on a Centre Party *versus* the rest.

"Reparation"

If the Bastille was torn down as the result of the celebrated play of Beaumarchais, in Russia the revolution was heralded and largely made by Tolstoy. *Reparation* is thus of historical interest. It is Russian as Mr. Pickwick is English.

At St. James's Theatre, Russian psychology can be studied on the spot. There is no theatricality, no concessive sentiment, no artificial trappings. All is the real life of Russia, crude, naked, bewildering, presented with unerring skill without a superfluous word. And at once we realise the morbid fatalism in the Russian character. Not because he does not love his wife, because he is bad or in love elsewhere, but simply because he is weak, morbid, degenerate, the Russian typified by Tolstoy leaves his wife for a life of debauchery which he does not really enjoy and well knows is degrading him. Part drunkard, part philosopher, he determines to destroy himself, but courage fails; he runs off with a gipsy girl so as to leave his wife free to marry his old friend, who, he knows, loves her, simulating suicide by leaving his coat on the river-bank.

Of course, he sinks lower and lower, blurts out his identity in a Moscow night *café*—an intensely vivid scene this—and is betrayed to the police by one of those informers to be found everywhere under the old police *régime*. Then the wife and her husband are arrested for collusive bigamy.

The scene where the police officer examines the three is characteristic of Russian methods. But the arrested man, however low he has fallen, is Tolstoy-an. He refuses to be bullied. He is the artist, the consciously creative man, the intellectual before whose stature the police officer sinks to his true level. Then the trial begins. A poet friend meets the unfortunate man in the corridor and hands him a revolver. This time he uses it, by way of reparation.

The futility of so much that is to us unintelligible in Russian life comes out in this play with devastating precision. It is the conditions which are wrong, the conditions

of idea or political slavery, and these people are but their products. This drunken waster refuses to tell the lies necessary to procure divorce, he has that quality so baffling to Western civilisation, the quality of intellectual honesty. He cannot lie or do a mean act, intellectually, that is. That is peculiarly Russian. And this dualism of character is largely Russia's political difficulty. The Russians offend against the conventions in a way that will stupefy us; on the other hand they have standards of truth and of conduct that we have long ago discarded as inconvenient in a capitalist age. Here is the key to Russian understanding. Capitalist standards do not obtain in Russia. A great simplicity characterises the people, coupled with a strange and mystic ratiocination which now takes the form of barbarism, now assumes the heights of spirituality. Hence the Russian's passion for abstract thought and argument, his fatalism, his want of reverence and enthusiasm, his inability to apply facts, and his metaphysical comprehension for the unreal. He is the slave of his environment and of his conditions because his freedom is not political. It was this that finally led to the Revolution of which Tolstoy was both the prophet and interpreter.

The play is staged with care and genuine artistic fidelity and well acted. Mr. Ainley's part is, of course, particularly difficult, because it is so unlike any English characterisation, demanding great range of feeling, emotion, and perversity, utterly remote from the stock hero of our theatre, condemned chiefly to look after the crease in his trousers. But Mr. Ainley himself knows Russia and so gets into the skin of his Russian, especially in the sombre scenes towards the end, which he renders with notable distinction. It is a great test of a player, this part. He achieves a distinguished success.

An evening at St. James's Theatre is thus a deep intellectual exhilaration. And when the pistol shot is fired who will be so bold as to doubt but that, with an art so sincere, so grandiose as this, Russia will not find salvation? S. O.

Books

ART.

PERSONALITIES. (TWENTY-FOUR DRAWINGS.) By EDMOND KAPP. Martin Secker. 21*s.* and 63*s.*

Undoubtedly, in *Personalities*, which is a gallery of caricatures, a new personality emerges, who not only can draw, but also write, and withal has the dual quality of humour and fantasy—poetic fantasy. This is rare. We see its range in the allegory, "Mrs. Grundy," we catch it in Vaughan-Williams, it gives the whole book of portraits a distinction often only too lacking in the quite common art of caricature. Some of these, of course, fail; others are excellent. The picture of Augustus John is hardly a caricature, but the Right Hon. Masterman is crushing, whereas Lord Morley is the worst in the book. There is a new note in Bernard Shaw, something big; Masefield, again, is hardly a caricature; Epstein is weirdly good; Norman Angell is admirable; Reginald McKenna is annihilating. This is a book of portraits to possess. We shall certainly see and hear more of this artist.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

MOMENTS OF GENIUS. By ARTHUR LYNCH. Phillip Allan and Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

IF a mathematician be given certain conditions of space and time, with something pliable for the conditions to work upon, he is usually able to turn a possibility into what appears, through his precision of detail, to be a definite fact. Mr. Lynch is obviously a mathematician, and in this volume, consisting of twenty analytical studies of historical personages at an imaginary moment of crisis in each of their careers, he employs the mathematical prerogative to lofty if not altogether artistically profitable purpose. His geniuses turn out to be persons rather too properly regulated. We nearly always discover them in profound meditation, and never in the middle of mundane actions like passing the salt or swearing at the cat, much less in the coloured state induced by an overdose of stimulant. Had Mr. Lynch worked on the sound hypothesis that great creative effort is inevitably followed, and sometimes preceded, by some form of dissipation, his studies would have been equally plausible and much more exciting. But then he would have dealt a different score of heroes out of his pack. There are some very estimable personages here, it is true—Julius Cæsar, Demosthenes, Dante, Milton, Keats, and Darwin, for example. But Albert Moore, Frank Hewitt (a forgotten athlete), and the beautiful Mnesarete? . . . Mr. Lynch reveals a certain quality of imagination; had it been brought into adequate play and in its proper place, he might have avoided such incongruities of selection. It has proved not quite so adequate for the "moments" he has described.

MILITARY.

General Headquarters, 1914–16, and its Critical Decisions. By General v. Falkenhayn. Hutchinson. 24*s*. net.

This is a notable work, which must certainly be read as a compendium to Ludendorff's work. It is better written, is more carefully prepared, reveals a well-balanced intelligence and a scholarly militarism. The importance of the book lies in its revelation of the struggle between the rival theories as to which was the vital enemy, and this problem, which was the German problem throughout, will remain for many years no doubt the subject of military controversy. Faced with war on two fronts, Germany had adopted as her ground-plan v. Schieffen's opinion, to attack, namely, on the West. But Moltke was not equal to his task, chiefly because he had not gauged the vast material necessities of modern warfare, and so the "great march" came to an abrupt standstill on the Marne. Two causes led to this failure. First, the quickness of the Russian mobilisation and the extent and strength of the Russian offensive; secondly, shortage of munitions. Thus just before the Marne, two Army Corps were directed to the East, leaving Moltke without reserves. When Joffre's great counter-attack fell the Germans were not in a position to retaliate strategically; the war settled down to trench operations, and remained so on the German side until Falkenhayn's attack on Verdun in 1916. He tells us that all German operations on the West were purely tactical operations till the Verdun battle; thus the Ypres battles and the first gas attack; in no case had they the men to develop a strategic success. And this was due to the idea held by the Eastern school that Russia was the enemy to be laid out, the Russian front consequently engaging the Germans, this no doubt largely owing to the weakness of Austria, until Verdun, which Falkenhayn tells us was conceived as a great battle of attrition focussed on a spot where he knew the French, for political or moral reasons, would be compelled to fight, regardless of higher strategic considerations. There he was right. He estimates that for every German two and a half Frenchmen were casualties in that great fight, and, but for the collapse of the Austrians as the result of Brussilov's offensive, the Verdun battle might have decided the war.

Falkenhayn is unquestionably right in his contention that *only* in the West could the Germans have obtained a decision, because Germany's danger was the blockade, and only by capturing the Channel ports or by annihilating the French Armies could the balance, moving always against the Central Powers, and increasingly in our favour, owing to the open seas and the gigantic American reservoir, be upheld. Land victories thus became empiric, and the more battles the Germans won, the less they brought in results, the key to defeat or victory being always sea-power. The Germans lost the war because they changed their original plan of campaign. Had they in the Ypres battles brought across an Army Corps from the East, they would without a doubt have pressed back our thin line far to the south, perhaps to the Somme line, and in that case the difficulties facing us would have been doubled. But they only fought containing battles with a view to attacking the Russians. When Ludendorff

finally sought to obtain a decision in the West, he was confronted with the million fresh soldiers—an advantage of two to one at that time—of America. L. S. O.

My Memories. By Admiral Tirpitz. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett, Ltd.

These volumes are a valuable contribution to the history of the war, for they deal primarily with policy or strategy. Tirpitz was perhaps the only man close to the Kaiser who understood that sea-power must be the determining factor in a war involving the economic reserve power of Europe, and here he crossed at once the German military attitude, which ignored the sea position. The military side dominated, and so, after the Marne, the Germans saw Russia as the main enemy, and they went on attacking in the East, until eventually Russia collapsed, to find, as Tirpitz foretold, that victory was empiric, for Russia was not the determining factor. The determining factor was American supplies plus sea-power.

History will certainly point to Tirpitz as the one man in Germany who, given control, might have altered the fortunes of war, and his book will be read as the heart-cry of a clear mind, who knew that his country was going to its doom. But he fails to understand the real reason, which lay in the Kaiser's personal *régime*. It was because the Kaiser only tolerated sycophants in his entourage that Tirpitz was deprived of control of the one thing he understood —the Navy. We owe this to the Kaiser. It was he who selected the sick Moltke to take command in 1914; who ordered his Navy to lie up instead of fight; who wobbled and wavered; who, as such men do, fled in the final crisis. The Kaiser was no Frederick. And though his real life's work for Germany was the creation of a fine Fleet, he was afraid to let it fight when the day came for which purpose it had been created and most scientifically constructed. Lord Fisher's great "bluff" came off. The German sailors distrusted their material in the face of our big Dreadnoughts. When they did meet, we found the little German ships extraordinarily difficult to sink, and we realised our own highly dangerous technical failings. It was that realisation which compelled Admiral Jellicoe not to risk a second action after the Jutland battle, an act of courageous and intelligent nerve control which we shall in time come to appreciate as one of the greatest tests of naval generalship in the annals of sea warfare.

SOCIAL.

The Making of Humanity. By Robert Briffault. Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

This is an astonishing book, a *tour de force* of rapid historical exposition which surely none but an Irishman could have written. The theme of this masterly analysis of human progress is rationalism, which is man's means of adaptation, and in his survey of progress, ranging from the earliest beginnings, Mr. Briffault rides rough horse over the canons of history as it is written and a great many accepted

theories. Fortunately for him, Smithfield to-day is a butcher's market, or he would be singeing these on the faggots of theological benediction, but as it is, we hope democracy will study this brave and brilliant book of unquestionably one of the new men of the coming new order. His business is to show that progress depends upon truth. Thus it was that the splendid old worlds of Greece and Rome were pre-scientific, however ethical, as in the case of Greece, however cultural, as was the case with Rome: exact thinking was then unknown. With a commanding vocabulary and an array of knowledge almost bewildering, the author traces the sacredness of the East—the key to its understanding—the static and so ephemeral foundations of Greece and Rome, followed by the static and world reactionary negativism of theological dogmatism, awakened finally not by the Renascence, as commonly accepted, but by the Saracenic civilisation of the Arabs, who first introduced the rudiments of scientific thought and application. It was the Moors who rescued Europe from the theological coma which for eight centuries had kept Western civilisation in darkness, the Arabs with their music, and medicine, schools, learning, poetry, and science—thus the mathematics, their discoveries of acids, chemical and physical research, their mariner's compass, gunpowder, and paper—which led to the foundations of the schoolmen, culminating in the encyclopædists and the foundation of modern institutions, the French revolution. The author shows how false history is, as written on theological conceptions. He tramples on chivalry, the Italian Renascence; he denounces democracy, but he insists that democracy is the only form of progress, because as justice is only possible through diffusion of power, so the moral consideration is supreme, and this condition is only conceivable through the clash of opinion of a democracy. Wise words, especially valuable to us to-day. It was Protestantism which made England, especially the revolting branches of Protestantism, which rebelled against constituted authority. Thus the rebel is always right. True progress is consequently achieved by criticism or idea, never by authority, dogma, power or force, and it was our English attachment to the Bible, as the symbol of individualist interpretation, that freed us so early in history from theocratic barbarism. Power-thought is, then, the world's true ethical instrument, never religion—in other words, men are not good or bad; it is the ideas that move them that are good or bad, and progress lies thus in the organisation of right thought, which again is only ethically right, provided this thought is based on reason, on exact thinking, on truth. We recommend this galaxy of information, wisdom, and suggestive ratiocination broadcast.

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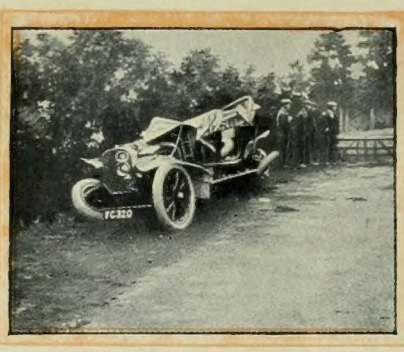

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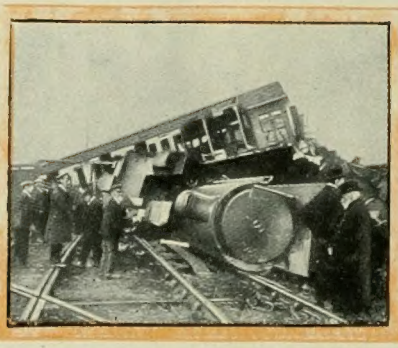

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